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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not think very much of caves. Large majorities rarely or never crumble before them—it is the people in the cave who crumble. Hence the Liberal M.P.s who have secret assignations in committee rooms which, so the papers say, not even messengers are allowed to enter, are not likely to blow up the Government. It needs a deal of Guy Fauxes for that—Guy Faux was mild enough, according to most accounts, when Mr. Asquith received him and heard his plea on Thursday. Still, it is a healthy sign that Liberals as well as Conservatives interested in land should be waking to the evil of the Budget. Mr. Walter Long's League, too, is sure to do good work ere long. Meanwhile note the attitude of the most drastic land reformers. Mr. Wedgwood and his friends love the land proposals of the Government. They are preparing a counter cave. And well they may, for the Budget plan is the dream of their lives.

They have long been dreaming of the day when the whole landowning system of this country shall be swept away. The old rhyme is to be sung in quite a new way. Down with the squire and his relations—and God keep us no longer in our proper stations! No more touching of hats, no more being summoned for wiring a few wretched rabbits. In short, no more squire, and—incidentally—no more parson. This, we all know, is the real land reformer's idea, and the way in which he is hastening to the Government's aid may assure anybody how drastic this Budget plan is. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his hand on his heart, vows that ill-feeling against the landowners is the last thing in his mind; and he adds that any Chancellor of the Exchequer who brought such a feeling into his Budget-making

would deserve to be impeached. We can well imagine how Mr. George “grinned” to himself when he came out with this.

When a large landowner refuses to spoil his estate by selling the pick of it for the highly imaginary good of theoretical smallholders, he is called a greedy tyrant and so forth by the radicals. When he announces he is selling his estate he is sneered at for a splendid pauper. Thus he cannot escape, do what he may—it is a case of predestination. Lord Onslow is the latest black sheep in the black flock. He is selling a farm estate in Surrey; and, worse, he gives figures which prove that under the Budget this estate must be worked at a dead loss. Yesterday the Duke of Bedford, to-day Lord Onslow; and next year, if this Budget passes, hundreds of good landlords all over the country.

And what does the Government propose to plant in place of the great land system under which England has thriven for centuries? Passing through Wiltshire and Dorsetshire lately we chanced to notice what the new order of things is to be. Scattered here and there through these happy counties are typical, model smallholders' settlements. Deal bungalows with corrugated-iron roofs, a cabbage patch, a horse of all work and a cow of small milk, a sty with a possible pig—here you have the true return to the land. What prosperity, what promise! The deal and corrugated bungalows of the back-to-the-lander, “how beautiful they stand” through—as we seem to remember reading in Felicia Hemans—all the smiling land! By all means let the County Councils be gingered that we may see sown thickly on the bad old estates these fine products of radicalism. They illustrate the true radical doctrine—survival of the least fit through unnatural selection.

Having played tricks with a section of their own side on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, the Government are now doing the same thing in a different way with the House at large, and the Opposition especially, by closing the Housing and Town Planning Bill and the Irish Land Bill. Even Liberal members have found voice to protest against rushing through the Housing

Bill, which contains seventy-three clauses and six schedules, after only three days for committee, report, and third reading inclusive. The time is so obviously inadequate that Mr. Asquith had to pretend the Bill is non-contentious because it passed second reading without a division. But in fact the Bill, though admirable in its objects, is acutely contentious in its method of reaching some of them; witness the clauses as to the purchase of land.

The Irish Land Bill is to be closed too—eleven days in all to be given to it. This Bill proposes compulsory sale of fee simple in land, not "for public purposes", as in railways or town improvements, but between man and man. It proposes the investment of State capital in Irish farming, without even the usual restraints and safeguards that socialism would demand. It proposes to abolish "the zones"—that is, administrative areas—each approximating to identity of conditions, an arrangement that has made for justice. It proposes to place the administration of the congestion clauses practically at the mercy of local "democracy", the same influence which has made past measures so useless, and which is guided by men more fit to be locked up in prison for drunkenness and intimidation. Finally, it proposes to charge on British credit the slumping losses on land stock encouraged by Irish crime—at a time, too, when its organisers are openly threatening more crime unless Mr. Birrell accepts their dictation.

"I think there is a special case for consideration in regard to Irish public-house licence duties", said Mr. Lloyd George to the Irish Budget deputation on Monday; and he promised "as much deep sympathy" as any of themselves. The whole Irish "case" against the Budget had to do with the consumption of drink—not a word about the production of food nor even about the attempt to grow tobacco in Ireland. The Irish members could not neglect the public-houses and hold their seats. They had already voted against the second reading of the Finance Bill. Now the Irish gombeen publican is to be "considered", so that the Irish party may support the Welsh Chancellor of the British Exchequer in attacking the British property-owner and such as survive of the Irish landlords. This speech by Mr. Lloyd George was a clever one, and the Irish ambassadors of the bottle retired happy. What do they care about the production of anything in Ireland so long as it is well with the consumption of whisky?

The latest sign of sanity in Ireland takes the form of a free fight in the Dublin Corporation, which, after fifty years of "patriotism", passed a resolution of no confidence in the Irish Parliamentary party last Monday. It arose out of the Budget, but the origin does not matter; what matters is that the revolt against the professional Nationalists finds expression at the headquarters of Nationalism. The London papers generally, informed by Nationalist correspondents on the Dublin press, made it appear that the Mayor stopped the meeting without a vote; but we have it privately that a division was taken in spite of him, and that there was a majority against the party, a thing impossible at any previous time since the beginnings of Parnell and Biggar. After the deadly vote the patriots proceeded to beat each other for the benefit of Ireland until there was a heap of them on the floor of the chamber. Then they went home, "bearing marks of the conflict", but not singing "A Nation once again". There is hope for Ireland when her leaders batter each other—when minorities are no longer afraid to speak.

If John Stuart Mill is too shallow for Mr. Cox, what is Mr. Snowden for the Chancellor of the Exchequer? "Too obscure" seems to be the answer suggested by Mr. Lloyd George's own reference to Mr. Snowden last week. But really we cannot quite imagine Mr. Lloyd George's self-confessed abysmal ignorance of—according to Mr. Bonar Law and others—the source of his own Budget proposals. Mr. George's ignorance as to Mr. Snowden reminds one of the judge who asked

"Who is Miss Connie Gilchrist?" The amusing thing is that the very day on which Mr. George spoke of Mr. Snowden's "obscure pamphlet written by someone who is not even a member of the party," a Parliamentary colleague of his was writing to order 163 copies of this book.

The House is seldom engaged with anything so important and human as the care of the State children. We are delighted to hear that the number of children in workhouses is declining rapidly. There should be none at all. The boarding-out alternative is, of course, easily—and not infrequently—abused; but every good thing can be abused. Now that children boarded within the union are to be inspected, as those boarded without always have been, abuses should be rare. Decent "mothers" can be found. Another question, important too, Mr. Kilbride raised. The fraud of selling margarine for butter is a most vicious fraud. The Local Government Board should take strong steps against it. Good butter is as essential to health as good milk. We are afraid, when butter is dear, some of the caterers have a way of cooking with margarine.

In this debate a delightful thing came out about afforestation. Mr. Burns brought it out, and we fancy in doing so he hugged a secret joy. The unemployed have been set at work near Leeds to plant trees. The cost has been £12 an acre, instead of £8 an acre, the usual sum when the workers are expert foresters. So much for the grand experiment of tree-planting which is going to make England healthier, wealthier, and wiser. It may rank with Mr. Gladstone's jam-making.

London ratepayers are to be called on for an addition to the police rate, which will amount to a penny in the pound. The Government has decided to adopt the recommendation of a Select Committee that the Metropolitan police should have a weekly rest day instead of only one day a fortnight, which they are allowed at present. Some fourteen or fifteen hundred new men in addition to the ordinary recruits will have to be added within the next three or four years to the force in order to carry out this change, and the additional cost will be about £150,000 a year.

Mr. Gladstone pointed out in explaining the scheme that the services of the Metropolitan police are not only municipal but imperial, and that there ought to be an extra grant from imperial funds to help to meet the additional cost. When this matter is put on a fair footing, the London ratepayers value the police too highly to grudge an extra charge on the rates. The London police do far more in the way of regulating the traffic and so on than they are required to do in other towns. There they protect property and keep the peace, but in London they are the handy men for everything.

If Mr. Churchill sacrificed the Tories, he has now been sacrificed to the Tories. His colleagues and friends decided in the debate on the Board of Trade Bill on Wednesday that his salary must not be raised—lest the Tories should go on the platform at the next election and accuse the Liberals of a job. Hence Mr. Churchill is to stick at two thousand five hundred a year, but his successor is to have a cool five thousand. The proposal to raise Mr. Churchill's salary came from the Conservatives, whereas the Liberals who spoke were against it. It is quite easy to preach self-denial when only a colleague will suffer thereby.

One or two of the Labour M.P.s seem to be against the proposal on another ground—economy. How strict the economist can be in the public interests when such strictness will not touch his own comfort! We may smile slightly when we recall that the self-same Labour M.P.s who wish not to charge the public for the benefit of Mr. Churchill were earnestly pressing the other day that the public ought to be charged for the benefit of themselves! They wish for payment of members that

the purity of members may be ensured. A most excellent arrangement.

The meeting of the Marylebone Constitutional Union on Monday decided by a serviceable majority to support Lord Robert Cecil as Conservative candidate at the next general election. This is well; but there are still—perhaps the louder for this decision—mutterings and threats of putting up a Tariff Reform candidate against him. At Oxford Unionist feeling seems to be concentrating in favour of Lord Hugh. It seems unlikely any Tariff Reformer will oppose him. If the Liberals put up a candidate of their own, as they talk of doing, it will certainly close up all Unionists against him.

Lord Morley did not overstate the importance of India when he told his Oxford hosts that it is the only real Empire we have got. He might have gone further and said that without India all the rest would fall to pieces. None the less the best service done to India by the Conference was to leave her affairs out of their discussions. Once again Lord Morley paid a handsome compliment at Oxford to the Indian Civil Service. It was no part of his object to dilate on its drawbacks, but the picture he drew of its advantages will seem rather glowing to the men who have been through the mill. They will tell you that Indian service all round has lost a good deal of its attraction. Perhaps the panegyric, whether so designed or not, will be a useful stimulus to recruits of the right sort. They will still find something that no other fixed service can offer them. His firm language on the subject of the deportations will tell—if he acts up to it. In India the agitation is now only kept artificially alive by the mischievous persistence of a few members of Parliament whose speeches feed the seditious press out there.

Persian troubles do not seem to have been settled as the result of the Shah's surrender to the so-called Constitutionalists. "The excesses of interested persons and the malignities of disturbers of the peace", as the Shah called them in a recent proclamation, continue to spoil the peace in his "unsullied realm". At the very moment when the electoral laws were being drafted there were fresh outrages, particularly against the Russians, who are obligingly arranging a loan, and the Bakhtiari threaten to march on Teheran in the interests of the Constitutional movement because the Shah ventured to hold certain objections, now waived, to the proposed laws. The Parliamentarians in Persia are impatient and suspicious of his Majesty's intentions, and any sign of backsliding on his part will instantly be countered by a new revolt.

Nothing in the new treaty with Siam or the papers relating to it softens the high-handed treatment of Kedah to which we drew attention a fortnight ago. Great Britain acquires from Siam all rights of suzerainty, protection, administration, and control in Kelantan, Trigganu, Kedah, Perlis, and adjacent islands in return for the abolition of the Siamese International Courts. It would seem that we make the Siamese masters in their own house at the expense of States over some of whom their rights were at best shadowy. No doubt the transfer, seeing that according to Mr. Paget's memorandum the bartered States are self-supporting, is pleasing to the Federated Malay States; but those who made them self-supporting ought to be considered. The Sultan of Kedah is very friendly to this country, which is all the more reason for not snubbing him, and snubbing him perfectly gratuitously.

Natal, by popular vote, has declared in favour of South African union. The result of the referendum can only be explained on the ground that the colony considered the scheme of union as drafted less objectionable than separation. It was a choice of evils. Congratulations have poured in upon Natal, felicitations upon a marriage de convenance. Natal's history has been

British throughout; her individuality is to be merged in the Dutch whom she has withstood so long, and the utmost to be hoped is that the little leaven will leaven the whole lump. The two things that would have made South African unity acceptable—federation and proportional representation—have been rejected, and the scheme adopted is of a kind a Liberal Government with a Pro-Boer Chancellor of the Exchequer will have keen pleasure in proposing for imperial sanction.

At the meeting of the Imperial South African Association Lord Curzon exclaimed that the news from Natal was better even than the gift of Dreadnoughts. Why is he so much pleased by the action of Natal, yet anxious that Rhodesia should not be rushed into the union? Even Lord Curzon showed himself conscious that the new Constitution was open to criticism, but we are not to criticise it now. The young plant is too tender, we suppose. It might hurt its feelings. What we have now to do, he says, is to see whether we are not capable of producing a new type of character and patriotism in South Africa? What type? Neither British nor Boer. Then what? South African. But not British South African.

The Tsar is to visit the King at Cowes early in August. This visit is one of a series he is paying to European Sovereigns and the President of the French Republic, and he will come from Sweden to this country. The group of insignificant but malevolent members of the House of Commons who arranged the series of insulting questions as to this visit are hardly worth treating seriously. It is enough to mention their outrage on decency and pass on. In Sweden a small number of similar folk wished to make a similar exhibition of themselves, but the Riksdag refused them the chance. We hope that the motions as to the visit put down by Mr. Rees and Captain A. C. Murray will prevent any further displays by our own ill-mannered crowd.

The Court of Appeal has dismissed Mr. Woods' appeal from the Judge's decision in his action against the Army Council. Mr. Woods has suffered no damage, the Court holds, by the Army Council having ordered the Inquiry which led to the resignation of his commission. The Court did not deal with the legal question he raised, that the Council had not the statutory rights of the Commander-in-Chief at that time. Even if that were so, Mr. Woods assented to the Council Inquiry, and he took objection to it only when the decision was against him. He suffered no injustice from the Inquiry not being specifically what he asked for. Whether the Council had or not at the time all the statutory rights of the Commander-in-Chief, it had full power to hold such an Inquiry as Lieut. Woods submitted to.

At the annual meeting of the National Society Lord Hugh Cecil was very confident of a better time coming. The night, which had been cold, was far spent; the day was at hand. Most of us who care about religious teaching in the elementary schools feel the same. The vial of the Government's bitterness against Church teaching has been poured out—but not on us. It has been spilt on the ground. The saner Nonconformists are beginning to admit the educational excellence of Mr. Balfour's Act, and they will soon see the fairness and wisdom of settling the religious question on the lines of the parents' choice. Lord Hugh rightly reminded Churchmen that this will mean some sacrifice for them. This sacrifice religion demands. An important meeting of Oxford graduates on Friday in London passed a unanimous resolution to invite Lord Hugh Cecil to stand for the University in the event of a vacancy, and a committee was appointed to further his candidature.

Lord Curzon, speaking to his guests, the Imperial Press Conference, at luncheon at All Souls' on Tuesday, kept the good, or rather the best, wine of his speech till the last. Happy was his commendation to the Rhodes scholars—come from the oversea dominions and going

back to them—of the Oxford ideal, "the imprint of that peculiar Oxford culture, that broad and humane liberal culture inseparably connected with the University's traditions, which in an age like the present, more and more given up to material and utilitarian pursuits, was worth more to nations than much gold and many diamonds". True; and this ideal has grown up not out of a business course, not out of engineering schools, but out of unpractical dead languages, out of logic and metaphysics, out of pure science.

The Senior Wrangler of the year must be glad not only that he is Senior Wrangler, but that he is the last; and this need not be out of sheer disinterested love for Cambridge. He will certainly be the most famous of Senior Wranglers; he will never be forgot. The last of his line is always a romantic subject, and Mr. Daniell is the last of a very long line. To Trinity it must be quite a relief to know that next year and the years after the college cannot lose the Senior Wranglership. Nothing is so wearing as keeping up a reputation.

The Welsh Eisteddfod is in its way an admirable institution. Whether it is a great aid to culture, song and music critics will differ. It certainly has a refining effect on the Welsh population. But was it well to transplant it to London? When the festival is held in a Welsh town the ceremonies are appropriate and impressive. But the Bardic Gorsedd in Kensington Gardens looked somewhat comical, and an Albert Hall not full was hardly calculated to shake Saxon Philistinism in spite of excellent singing and of a speech from Mr. Balfour. And the Welshman must have discovered with indignation that the Saxon has not troubled to hang out his flags. In a word, the Eisteddfod was dwarfed in our cosmopolitan metropolis. Still it was an interesting function, and the London Welsh and the committee had spared no pains to make it a success.

It is difficult to sing the praises and feats of a man like Lieutenant Shackleton without risk of gush. The man who does things does not as a rule talk about them, and he resents others talking about them. Yet it is difficult to be silent. In their presence one feels so much the force of these hard, straight, simple men of action. They get deep down, do these men. They realise the elements. In our security we forget our foundations; these men do not. Alone with Nature at her sternest, you are compelled to perceive, as Mr. Shackleton himself has said—you cannot doubt—that the two great facts of life are food and God.

If ever man had earned a rest, it is Sir Edward Maunde Thompson. Nearly fifty years' service is title enough by itself; but the length of Sir Edward's service is the least thing about it. His directorship has made the Museum a new thing. It has solved the great difficulty of space and put every department in order. Everyone on the Museum staff has, of course, contributed to this result; but in the British Museum, as in everything else, if the head is wanting, nothing can go well. Sir E. Maunde Thompson's direction drives home the lesson that it is a big man, a man of statesmanlike character, even more than the accomplished expert—though Sir Edward was that too—that makes the efficient Director. One must not grudge Sir Edward Thompson his rest, but his resignation comes to us as an unpleasant shock.

The veteran Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Paul Haines had fought all over the world; especially he distinguished himself at Inkerman when in command of the 21st North British Fusiliers. His last and most important service in the field was as Commander-in-Chief in India during the Afghan War of 1878-79, when he had Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Frederick Roberts, and other well-known soldiers acting under him. His splendid manly bearing, chivalrous nature, and charm of manner were known to all. Though he may not rank among our great soldiers in the strict sense of the term, none will deny that he was truly a fine soldier and a great gentleman.

THE BREAKDOWN OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons on Tuesday, when the Prime Minister carried his motions for closing by compartments the Housing and the Town Planning Bill and the Irish Land Bill, must open the eyes of the most optimistic and the most obtuse to the seriousness of the situation. The Housing and Town Planning Bill, in the hands of Mr. John Burns, is not controversial as to its end; but as to the means to that end it contains, according to Mr. Holt, the Radical member for the Hexham-division, "one of the most arbitrary clauses for the compulsory acquisition of land practically on the ipse dixit of the Local Government Board". The Bill has already been discussed for twenty-three days in the Standing or Grand Committee, and upon that ground the Prime Minister considered that two days for the Committee of the whole House and one day for report and third reading were enough for a Bill of seventy-six clauses, to which 364 amendments had been placed on the notice paper. The Grand Committees meet at eleven o'clock in the morning, and for that reason they can only be attended by those members who have no other work but politics. As there are, in addition to the Private Bill Committees, some nine committees in all, the number of members who can attend the Standing Committees on Law and on Trade must obviously be a mere fraction of the House of Commons. As Mr. Balfour said, legislation by Grand Committee may be good or bad, but it is not legislation by the House. As the Government has put down eighteen amendments to its own Bill, and as the time allocated amounts to about thirteen hours, it is plain that only two or three of the 364 amendments can be discussed, even for a few minutes apiece. Mr. Holt was not the only Radical member who spoke and voted against the Prime Minister's use of the guillotine. Mr. Cecil Harmsworth made a witty and damaging speech against it which he closed with the dignified and profoundly true remark that "the liberties, the dignity, and the independence of the House were far more important than any individual Bill the Prime Minister might bring forward". Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Barran, Mr. Ellis Griffith, Mr. Byles, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Lupton, all robust Radicals, firmly opposed the Government by speech and vote.

The Irish Land Bill is a still more serious matter, as it raises wider and deeper issues, is opposed by all the Unionists in Ireland, and involves the borrowing from the British taxpayer somewhere about £100,000,000. This Bill has not been sifted by a Standing Committee, and the Prime Minister therefore proposed to give eight days to the committee, two days to the report, and one day to the third reading. This is the description which Mr. Butcher, himself an Irishman and the distinguished member for Cambridge University, gave of the Bill: "The Bill was as contentious, not only in its details but also its main principles and policy, as it was vast in its scope. There was not one of the controversies which had raged round land legislation in Ireland since 1881 that was not reawakened by this Bill, and other controversies then undreamt of were brought into it." Eight parliamentary days mean fifty-two hours to discuss sixty-five clauses and twenty-nine pages of amendments, a good deal less than an hour for every clause with all its amendments. We invite any man who thinks at all about forms of government, and their application to personal liberty and security of property, fearlessly to envisage the facts and ask himself what they mean. Half a century ago the Prince Consort got some credit for saying "Representative government is on its trial". The present situation proves that representative government has been tried and failed. We are witnessing a complete, an admitted breakdown of the Constitution. To repeat Mr. Balfour's words, whatever else we have got we have not got government by the House of Commons. What have we got? We have got government by the Cabinet, that is by the Prime Minister and the two or three colleagues whom he consults, or who sway him. The present triumvirate of Messrs. Asquith, George, and Churchill rule Great

Britain as absolutely as ever three men ruled Rome. There is a vast deal to be said for a strong personal government of one man or more, provided that it is not based on vote-catching and mob-bribing. There are immense advantages in the rule of a Pericles, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon; there are none in the rule of a Cleon or a Wilkes. The degrading feature about the present situation is that it is the autocracy of the demagogue. While the House of Commons has lost its power, we escape none of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy. For Mr. Asquith looks over the heads of "the pathetic crowd" of lobby-walkers at the masses out of doors with nods and becks and smiles. No wonder the Prime Minister thinks everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The gagging of the House of Commons suits him and his colleagues admirably. Perhaps that is why Mr. Balfour also takes the thing so calmly, for he knows that his time is coming, when, with a change of names, the same game will be played. The greatest danger lies in the utter indifference of the constituencies to the dignity and independence of their representatives. It is all very well for Mr. Asquith and Mr. Long to say that there is no difficulty in finding members to serve, and that the difficulty lies in discriminating between candidates. We rather think that the Prime Minister was reckoning without his host and that there will be a difficulty in procuring Liberal candidates in future, for the average Radical takes an earnest interest in legislation. There will always be less difficulty in getting Conservative candidates, partly because those who have property are fighting for their lives and partly because there will always be a goodly number of rich men or rich men's sons who scent social advantage in a seat in Parliament, though there is not much of that left now. But Lord Robert Cecil was in the main right. English gentlemen of spirit and education will not for ever consent to be mere lobby-walkers. We seem to be within measurable distance of the untempered reign of the political lawyer, the labour delegate, and the politician of the American type. The apathy of the electors, as they see the Constitution breaking up before their eyes, is not so unaccountable as it might at the first blush appear to the student. The House of Commons lies muzzled and bound at the feet of the Executive; the House of Lords, whenever it attempts to discharge its function of a revising chamber, is threatened with extinction. Surely this is a spectacle which might rouse the alarm or excite the anger of a people long trained to politics like the British. But unfortunately the masses think that the Constitution is being strained for their benefit, or, to put it more strongly, they believe that ancient forms are being broken up to make a bonfire in their honour. They see clearly enough, the working classes, that a desperate struggle is going on between the present Government and those whom they used to call their betters, the people with money and land. The mass of the voters have no fears about their property or their personal liberty, which they or some of them are foolish enough to imagine can be separated from the property and liberty of the classes above them. A great many of the poorer and less intelligent labourers fancy that all this stifling of discussion is necessary to secure their old-age pensions. Stopping the mouths and binding the hands of the rich seems to them good business enough for the moment. And things may go on without a national catastrophe for a few years yet. Messrs. Asquith, Haldane, and Grey have still some power and still some sense. But in a short time these statesmen will be gone. Then the democracy may discover, when it is too late, that the forms of constitutional liberty have a real value; and that with an impoverished public estate, and a legislature deprived of speech, an executive of noisy demagogues is hurrying the Empire into a big war or plunging it in commercial ruin.

CONTINUOUS FOREIGN POLICY.

DURING the last fifteen years we have been congratulating ourselves on having established at length what is called "continuity" in our foreign policy. This is assumed, of course, to mean not a pur-

suance of the same line of policy throughout, but the maintenance by each party of the line followed by its opponents when in office. If we compare our attitude towards other Great Powers to-day with that we held fifteen years ago we shall see that it has been completely revolutionised; that is hardly continuity. Till after the beginning of the Boer War we were inclined to be friendly to Germany and hostile to France and still more hostile to Russia; now the position is entirely reversed. Therefore, whether we approve of the change or not, there cannot be said to have been "continuity" in policy.

The difficulty of the situation has only been enhanced by the way in which the personality of the Sovereign has been deliberately dragged into the arena by a sycophantic press, and everything that appears to be successful attributed to him, while the failures are ignored or put down to Ministers. This is unfair, not only to the Sovereign but to his Ministers, and the whole system is full of danger to the country as leading people to acquiesce readily in everything done and to shut their eyes to plain failure. Indeed, if we consider the position of this country before we entered into the Japanese Alliance, when we enjoyed splendid isolation, and at the present time when we are associated not only with Japan but also with two of the Great Powers, we have little enough to congratulate ourselves upon. We and our friends have lately received a galling rebuff in Europe, while in Asia our position is threatened far more by the results of Japanese victory than it ever had been by Russia, because the unrest imported into our own dominions by great Asiatic victories is caused by a sentiment which nothing can eradicate after the object-lesson of the success which we alone made it possible for Japan to achieve.

The anti-Russian policy of Lord Lansdowne which culminated in the Japanese Alliance was eagerly accepted by the Liberals, though it ran counter to their old theories, and neither party foresaw the contre-coup which it would bring about in Europe. No one in fact believed that Russian naval power would be annihilated and her military capacity discredited. The result has been that the balance of European power has been modified, much to our disadvantage. Nobody doubts that Russia can recover, will indeed recover, in a few years from the shock, but meanwhile events may occur which would not have occurred had she been in the possession of her full strength and prestige. We have therefore been the chief engineers of Russia's impotence, and we have, oddly enough, chosen this particular juncture to make friends with her.

While in the days of Lord Beaconsfield the leaders of Liberalism were all pro-Russian, in the time of Lord Salisbury the Unionist party was even more strongly pro-German. From Lord Salisbury's proclamation of the "glad tidings of great joy" onwards Great Britain was the unofficial supporter at sea of the Triple Alliance. Bismarck's dislike of Gladstone and all his ways was as notorious as Gladstone's abhorrence from Bismarck. But the Conservative party here was of another mind. England, Germany, and the United States were to stand against the world. Even at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral the German Emperor was extremely popular, and this was after the Kruger telegram. With the new reign a complete volte-face took place, and the Unionist party embraced what had been the Liberal view in these matters. They made close friends with "the other great Liberal Power" France and with the "liberating" Power Russia, while we almost officially adopted the Liberal attitude of dislike and suspicion towards Germany. So that we have this curious result; each party throws over its own policy and accepts that of its rival, whom it incites to pursue a policy it had itself hitherto deprecated. If this be continuity in foreign policy, we have undoubtedly achieved it.

What have we really gained by the new arrangement? France at the dictation of Germany threw over the engineer of the entente and admitted the German right to interfere in Morocco. She also showed herself hopelessly incompetent to perform the task she had undertaken, to facilitate which we abandoned a dominant position in that country. But we plumed

ourselves with the entente came out of the Algeciras Conference with flying colours, though, as the SATURDAY REVIEW pointed out at the time, there was little enough ground for legitimate boasting. The events of the last year unfortunately prove only too clearly the shallowness of these pretensions. If ever there was an occasion by which the value of the entente as opposed to the Triplice might have been tested it was here, for Austria and Russia stood forth distinctly as protagonists. Great Britain herself had no call to interfere save in a formal manner. We chose, however, to take the cudgels up with vigour. The Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister launched what looked like ultimatums as to the sacredness of treaties and the impossibility of any treaty provision being revised without the consent of all the parties to it. Servian obstinacy was undoubtedly encouraged by these proclamations. But, in spite of all this talk, before long Turkey alone was treating directly with Austria and Bulgaria. Russia and France were not prepared to fight for the sacredness of treaties, and Servia was at heart profoundly relieved at the result. It is many years since a more disastrous piece of diplomatic blundering has been perpetrated than the whole conduct of this Balkan business. We encouraged a futile resistance on the part of the Servians and the Young Turks, who in truth cared nothing about Bosnia or Bulgaria, which had not been Turkish for thirty years. We have estranged Austria, our oldest friend in Europe, and, what is worse, solidified her alliance with Germany, where it was weak, and buttressed it up against ourselves. Italy cannot stand out if she would, and is therefore negligible. We have discovered, as we might have done before, that France will never stand the strain of real pressure, and before talking big it might be well if our Foreign Office knew if our friends were prepared to fight. Unfortunately where France wants our help, on land, we are of little use to her, while her navy is negligible, and Russia has none. Meanwhile, anyone who knows the facts is aware that our popularity in Constantinople is on the wane. We have badly mismanaged things there. We were too eulogistic at first and too critical afterwards. Germany has in fact almost entirely re-established her position there, and has nearly as much influence now as she had under Abdul Hamid. The effect of the entente at home is not to give any feeling of security—on the contrary, we observe a general feeling of apprehension often degenerating into ridiculous panic.

WALES AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE jeers with which Parliament greeted Mr. Asquith's announcement of the withdrawal of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill show the contempt into which Welsh nationalism has fallen in the hands of its incompetent representatives. Fifteen years ago, when in the days of the Rosebery Administration a similar "betrayal" took place, there was at least a paltry explosion in the Principality. To-day—for one cannot take seriously the "sound and fury" of one or two of the less-known Welsh members, who express in the same breath a great anger at the withdrawal of the Bill and a firm determination all the same to support the Government on the Budget—there is alike in the House of Commons and in the Principality complete acquiescence in a new blasting of the dearest hopes of the Welsh Nonconformist minister. Of course, the pill of disappointment has a gilded coating. Next year poor Sir Alfred Thomas and his merry men are given to understand the crusade against the Church will, so far as the Commons are concerned, be carried forward, to the neglect of all other Radical causes, with energy and success. The promise may keep quiet the Welsh preacher who believes with a trusting simplicity in the infallibility and impeccability of Mr. Lloyd George; but is it possible that it has really imposed on the Welsh members of Parliament? Is it conceivable that these gentlemen do not know that a considerable number of English Liberals are firmly determined that the time of the present Parliament shall not be wasted over an academical discussion on Welsh tithe, and that they

have so far had their way? Do they suppose also that the questions of the House of Lords and of electoral reform are to be shelved, as shelved they must be if months are sacrificed to this ecclesiastical wrangle, and Parliament is to be dissolved (as most Liberal wirepullers expect that it will be) at the beginning of 1911? It is probable that the Welsh Bill will be re-introduced next Session, and it may pass a second reading. It is even more certain that the Liberal wirepullers, with a strong group of Liberal M.P.s behind them, will put every pressure on the Government not to proceed further in the matter, and that the Government when it is riding for a fall will acquiesce. If the Government decides next year to toss the latest pledge into the waste-paper basket, do the Welsh M.P.s imagine for a moment that they will be any more successful in an effort to dictate to the Government than they are at the present moment? It is impossible that they can think so, for they must know that it is only their own lack of sincerity to the Nonconformist cause that has ruined them this year. Therefore how can Sir Alfred Thomas expect that he and his colleagues will, when the inevitable pressure from the English Liberals comes in 1910, not again swallow the leek as readily as they have swallowed it this year? For if the Parliamentary representatives of Wales had cared for their "cause" as the Irish care for Home Rule, they had the ball at their feet this month. If the thirty-four Welsh M.P.s had joined with the Irish, the English dissentient Liberals and the Opposition in attacking the Budget, they could have forced Mr. Asquith to pass their Bill through the Commons this Session, or they could have driven his Government from office. In either case they could have made Welsh Disestablishment, and perhaps the whole question of Welsh nationalism, a burning political issue. What they have done is to prove that they do not themselves take Welsh political aspirations seriously, and no one who knows anything of the real character of the so-called Welsh Parliamentary party can be surprised at the fiasco. Twenty-three years ago it seemed for the moment as if Wales were really about to play an important part in Imperial politics. The Welsh Whig squires and English capitalists had been discarded by the Welsh electorate for a young nationalist type of politician who had pledged himself to solve the Welsh Church and agrarian questions to the satisfaction of the Nonconformist crowd. The new party contained several men of distinct ability, among others Tom Ellis, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer and the present Solicitor-General. The Welsh historian of the future may say of this group that never in the world's history was there a nationalist party whose members individually did better, and whose cause fared worse. The ablemen in this group have attained high office in the Liberal Administration, and have left no successors in the leadership of Nonconformist Wales. The Welsh Parliamentary party is to-day simply an object pour rire. For practical purposes its members are among the most humble followers of the Government Whips.

There are among the representatives of Welsh constituencies some men of ability and more men of wealth; but the Welsh M.P.s collectively are not swayed by any national sentiment whatever. As a body they care no more for Wales than does the average English Liberal M.P., and Mr. Asquith has shown a statesmanlike instinct in treating Sir Alfred Thomas's bluff and bluster with contempt.

But the question remains how are we to account for the indifference of Nonconformist Wales to the Westminster fiasco? That Wales is absolutely indifferent is proved by the reception given to Mr. Lloyd George at the Eisteddfod on Thursday. If Wales had really been passionately moved on the Church question, it is impossible to suppose that the statesman who has thwarted the national aspiration would have received a grand ovation from a nation he had deceived. Mr. Lloyd George has, however, read his countrymen correctly, and has realised that they are no more serious on the question than are the M.P.s who represent them. The truth is that the craving for Welsh Disestablishment even in

Wales is rather a sentiment than a passion. A quarter of a century ago things were very different. In those days Welsh people depended for their view of public affairs far more than they do to-day on the vernacular press, which was inspired, and often directed, by the Nonconformist ministers, who, ever since the passing of the Irish Disestablishment Act, have been eager to secure the disendowment of the Welsh Church. In addition to this, the Nonconformist middle class deeply resented their complete exclusion from county government and the magisterial bench, and made common cause with the preachers in their war against the Church, while the Welsh farmer chafed under the tithe. No sooner did agricultural depression seriously touch Wales than this general discontent in certain isolated districts set the heather on fire with tithe riots. The hour seemed to have struck for a general blow at an alien Church and an alien régime, and the Nationalist agitator, of whom in his youth Mr. Lloyd George was a good type, became voluble on the hillside. In these days even level-headed Englishmen thought it quite possible that Wales would imitate Ireland in its war against the Anglican parson and Anglicised squire, and it is conceivable that if Mr. Gladstone had succeeded in his attempt to give Home Rule to Ireland, an anti-English Nationalist movement would have at once swept over the Principality.

The movement in its acute form was short-lived. When it became clear that the Welsh agitator as soon as he had entered S. Stephen's was inspired by an ambition to sit on the Treasury benches, the possibility of a Welsh Nationalist agitation on Irish lines was over. The law that transferred the payment of the tithe from the tenant to the landlord and the refusal of the Liberationists to consent to the abolition of the change in the event of Disestablishment coming to pass cooled the zeal of the farmers for tithe riots. Then the establishment of county and district councils and the popularising of the magisterial bench, which gave the local administration of Wales to the Nonconformist middle class, effectually removed Church ascendancy in the local life of the Principality. It was not however until the failure of the Irish Home Rule agitation was manifest that Wales sank back into the humdrum Liberalism that had reigned supreme in its politics between 1868 and 1885.

To-day the Welsh preacher is probably as hostile to the Church as ever, and at a Parliamentary election his appeal to the old sentiment of hatred to the "alien establishment" has a powerful influence on voters. But his power is on the down grade. The vernacular press is no longer a great force in Wales since the monoglot Welshman will soon be extinct and the Welshman who talks both Welsh and English will read the English newspapers. Educational and industrial questions also interest modern Wales far more than does the old church feud. The trend of thought in the coalfield is to socialism, and the retention of Parliamentary seats by Liberal lawyers and capitalists in Glamorganshire is regarded as an anachronism. The farmers are at the present time flourishing, and have no practical interest in a row either with squire or parson. Above all, the influence of Mr. Lloyd George, who, if ever things look awkward, casts over the Welsh Dissenter, be he preacher or layman, a spell like that of the Revivalist preacher, makes any real agitation against the Government impossible. For the moment there is no Welshman who can stand up to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there seems likely to be none for years to come. There were scores of eager young Welsh dissenting patriots in the later 'eighties; there is none to-day.

THE TREND OF TARIFFS ABROAD.

AT first sight it seems weary work to follow the fiscal wriggings of the new tariffs in France and America; but on closer acquaintance it becomes fascinating. First come the speeches announcing "revision", then the official promises that the new duties shall be "a reduction on the whole"; but then come the documents themselves, complicated almost

to mysticism, but indicating a general increase, at least against British exports, with a rise of 100 per cent. on some better classes of cotton cloth in America, and the compensating "concessions" on such British products as "balm of Gilead" and "bladders". The Americans especially have a quaint way of calculating these things. For instance, if cotton be raised 100 per cent., and the "bladders" or "balm" be lowered 150, the revision looks like "a reduction on the whole"; but it remains for Manchester to find out her advantages under the change. Meantime all these foreign tariff makers are most anxious to appear generous to Britain. Why should they not do their best to disguise an increase in their tariffs against British goods while they have the British market free to their own? If the British should wake to the thing, it might be very awkward. The mystification has its meaning. It seems to be assumed that the stupid British mind may not see through it; and in these matters l'entente cordiale counts just the same as the American rubbish about "the English-speaking peoples"—it is even assumed that the Americans speak English.

On various occasions lately we have tried to remove some of the disguises, but we have not had long to wait for confirmation of the discovery. At Chicago last week the president of one of the great railway systems confessed that orders amounting to £2,000,000, mainly for additional rolling stock, had been deferred for the new tariff; and that these orders would be placed as soon as the Bill had left the Senate. The waiting has been to make sure that the "revision downward" meant a rise, and that the promises of a "reduction" were simply American promises, designed to facilitate the very opposite motive. The waiting has not been merely in railway enterprise. There has been a pause all round among the business men to make sure that the politicians did not mean what they promised. If it turned out that Mr. Taft was in earnest and that there was to be any sort of real reduction of import duties on such products as America could produce for herself, the business men were not going to risk extensions in the investment of capital to employ labour; but once it is realised that there is to be a real rise, an immediate extension of £2,000,000 is announced for railways alone, not to mention the correspondingly larger additions in other departments of industry. America's railway men know their work well and will not increase their carrying powers at such a rate without assurance that they will have more to carry. Meantime England picks her wisdom from the villages of Wales, and proposes a vast step farther on the opposite path, in the directions which prohibit capital from employing labour, making it impossible for people to earn wages for the sake of an "increased purchasing" power of the wages which they cannot earn. The main difference is that production is comparatively checked on this side of the Atlantic while stimulated on the other; but nothing whatever can compensate a decrease in production. Thus the real motives of the American tariff are now revealed in the methods of American business, and we have no more need to analyse the conflict between the promises and the performances.

Meantime what of l'entente commerciale? On Tuesday, in the French Chamber, supporting a "reduction" upward in the tariffs against us, M. Plichon pointed with a kind of pity to England as the example of fiscal folly to be avoided. M. Plichon's economic and statistical knowledge of this country would be an improvement on the House of Commons. He told the Chamber that the rural proportion of our population had gone down from one-half to a fourth since 1854, an estimate substantially confirmed in Mr. Masterman's new book; that we produced only 22 per cent. of our corn, 60 per cent. of our meat, and "63 per cent. of our milk"—in which he must include the derivative products. He added "Can one be surprised at the terrible unemployed manifestations which threaten England?" That seems to be the prevalent point of view among the deputies,

who make short work of any village philosophy which they find among their Tariff Commissioners recommending exposure to such competition as would check production and employment among them. They mean to save France from such destruction as Britain invites from her Welsh wisdom. Does it look like making it easier for British goods in the French market under the new scheme? The deputies are also watching the American "reduction" by way of increase, but unlike us they have their hands free to save themselves from American methods; and all the other countries are watching both France and America, every one with its own means ready to defend the freedom of its trade.

As if it were not enough to have France and America narrowing the outlook of our foreign trade at the same time, we find the German Chancellor, short by £25,000,000, proposing to shift an increased share of the deficit on to "trade interests". The Kaiser does not select his Chancellors from Welsh villages, and so the incidence of "trade interests" is not likely to fall on productive enterprise. It would be a reversal of German policy if the increase did not fall mainly on foreign imports, and here again the British employer of industrial labour stands to suffer, Germany being one of our very biggest markets abroad. With a choice between encouraging home production by placing the deficit against foreign competition and killing home production by adopting the Lloyd-Georgian method, we know what a competent German Chancellor will prefer. A great deal has been argued about these new schemes in America and France; yet it is a question whether British trade may not suffer more in the German direction, either excluded by an increase of duties or admitted to bear an increased burden towards building the German Navy. Either way the Germans stand to gain. If they exclude our products they encourage their own producers in competition; and if they admit our products it is by making them contribute to their war strength. "What about the increased cost of living in Germany?" Well, with all Germany's Protection and with all our Free Trade, a working man can still eat an equally good dinner in Breslau for much less than in Birmingham, and for very much less than in London. In these things the standard of the statistician is never so safe as the standard of the stomach, and there is a constantly increasing balance of labour migration over the frontier from Free Trade Holland into protected Germany. It is because labour must follow capital, and because capital, other things being equal, locates itself for the largest reward with the fullest security, which cannot be where its industrial investment is specially exposed to every kind of economic accident that happens throughout the world. The main fallacy underlying this country's fiscal system at present is in ignoring considerations of production "in the interests of the consumer", as if people could consume anything without producing its equivalent. We may remain "the financial centre of the world", and yet the vital strength of the nation must decline unless its productive efficiencies be maintained, which in turn depends on preserving an attractive field for the industrial capitalist, who is of comparatively little use to us while he merely lives among us on industrial dividends derived from elsewhere. A capitalist is most useful to the country where his capital employs labour, not necessarily where he lives and pulls his wires; but while these are only elementary truths in our economic and industrial position, we have the exact opposite asserted by members of our strange Government, and even by the Prime Minister himself, who denies that it makes any serious difference to a country whether its capital employs labour in other countries or at home. We question whether a fallacy so obviously mischievous, in such grave concerns of public policy, has been adopted and defended by any other Prime Minister of this country for a hundred years.

ASSISTED LABOUR AND RAILWAY AWARDS.

HOW pleasantly the theory politicians who play with labour questions have been cooing their satisfaction over trade boards, labour exchanges, and invalidity insurance! Two of these subjects are already as bills well advanced in Parliament, and for the third the President of the Board of Trade has promised to "cut off the stream of preventable misery". From every Radical platform manual workers are being assured that the promised labour exchanges will be certain to find them work, but should there by any unfortunate chance be trade slackness the new Utopian scheme of insurance—as yet undisclosed—will tide them over their time of trouble. For the Socialist "right to work" Bill the nation is to substitute the "right to be kept" scheme. Success is assured; we must copy Germany. These airy platitudes need the cold water of common-sense, and fittingly enough this is coming from the very section that the sentimental politician fondly dreams he is assisting. Friendly society leaders, taking advantage of their annual Whitsun gatherings, have naturally considered the question from the point of view of thrift—the essence of their being. They see all too clearly the absurdity of attempting to compete with any scheme of insurance subsidised by the State; and though they admit there may be some argument for a national contributory scheme for those whose narrow margin of existence prevents appreciable saving, they quite fail to understand why the Government should begin with a few special trades supporting well-paid workers who are the very backbone of the friendly and trade societies. Unless the whole thrift tendency of recent years built up with so much care and labour is to be undermined, membership of friendly societies must be accepted as sufficient payment in any contributory Government scheme; nor must the scheme be of such a nature that it will pay the contributor better to take the State card. In other words, the basis must be complementary and not competitive. State recognition of friendly societies involves some control of their financial administration, and though this may create alarm in unsound lodges, the change in the main would be all to the good. But will the trades union leaders accept any such control, an innovation which must lead to the separation of benefit and strike funds, with the inevitable shrinkage of the latter? Weak strike funds mean unions powerless to fight, and these throw up no labour leaders, much less members of Parliament. Again, despite the careful and interested personal supervision of friendly society stewards, tied by a rigid code of rules, malingering, especially since the Workmen's Compensation Act, is all too prevalent, and well may it be asked Will the State—whom it is no crime to cheat—fare any better? But, we are told, State, man, and master all are to contribute equally. Behind the seeming equity lies a fallacy, for man and master by raising prices shift their burden to the shoulders of the general taxpayer—a patient ass—whose savings too often pay toll to those who refuse to recognise any obligation to save. Is the State to stop at insurance? It is only one form of thrift. Labour exchanges are safer ground; and a Government which is eternally prating of the sanctity of popular control shows some courage in putting the whole business into the tight and capable hands of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade. Success, which does not mean the provision of work where no demand for it exists, depends more or less on the successful sorting-out of sheep and goats, but how the British workman will take to what in effect will be a permanent character card yet remains to be seen. Should he prove tractable the State, besides becoming a labour exchange, will have gone a long way towards successfully penning off its wastrels and shirkers.

The whole trend of labour legislation needs careful watching, and when aid is granted care must be taken lest those least in need get most assistance. Manual labour is getting a good innings, but is not the game becoming more selfish?

There is another important labour matter which happily is satisfactory from every point of view. We refer to the unqualified success of the Railway Conciliation Boards. To-day it is difficult to realise that only eighteen months ago a general strike of railway workers was perilously imminent. That this was averted we have to thank the permanent officials of the Board of Trade. Practically every British railway is now under the Board's conciliation scheme, and a cessation of labour or a lock-out is, humanly speaking, impossible. Since the Conciliation Boards have been established both companies and men have realised the value of give and take. With the award in the Great Western reference, three great companies have now settled long-outstanding disputes, and the railway world may be regarded as safe from labour troubles for some time to come. The Great Western award shows that the company have always acted with great consideration towards their men, and though some further concessions are granted by the arbitrator the company come very well out of the dispute. The outstanding feature of these labour disputes is the value of the Board of Trade as an intermediary. The daily press tells very little of the watchful care of the Board's permanent staff; its best work goes on quietly and without show, and many a strike has been quietly throttled before well begun. By its excellent system of correspondence the Board has the earliest news of trouble, and invariably sends off its intermediary as soon as any possibility of intervention occurs. In many cases an informal meeting ends the trouble; in others arbitration is accepted and a final settlement quickly arrived at. But for Board of Trade intervention the Dunkerton Colliery would probably be idle to-day, ironworkers in Scotland and Lincolnshire sullen and starving, and the Londonderry carters possibly still stoning the police.

The goodwill of both capital and labour is not easily gained by the same individual, but the Labour and Railway Departments of the Board of Trade may justly claim to-day complete confidence on the part of both sides. It is a great advance to have educated public opinion to the pitch of believing that a strike or a lock-out can only be justifiable in exceptional circumstances. The Welsh colliers are a case in point. Will they heed public opinion?

THE CITY.

SOMEBODY once described the British summer as "three fine days and a thunderstorm". The Kaffir market may with even greater accuracy be described as "three firm days and a slump". During the early part of the past week we have witnessed an unaccountable and most uncomfortable slump in South Africans; Goldfields fell as much as 13s. a share, Chartered fell 7s. 6d. a share, and numerous other market favourites fell as much as 10s. a share. People who speculate in mining shares do not realise to themselves what the harmless-looking fractions mean. An eighth on a £1 share, i.e. 2s. 6d., is 12½ per cent. When a man or woman buys 100 Goldfields or 100 Chartered, and reads that they are down an eighth, it does not occur to him or her that it is like buying £100 railway stock and finding that it has fallen 12 points. A "ten-dollar drop" in Yankees is thought very severe; yet that is the equivalent of "an eighth easier" in the Kaffir market. A dabbler may very easily have three or four hundred Kaffir shares open: it seems so little. So that a fall such as we have just had of 50 per cent. (not in value, but on the number of shares being carried) hits the speculator in mines very hard. To see a loss of £200 sticking out on 400 shares is exasperating. Another annoying feature about these shake-outs is that the shops will begin to cant about stopping speculation. If it were not for the speculators where would the market for the shops be? Everybody of course recognises that the shops must deliver their shares and take their money some time or other. But these violent fluctuations might be avoided if those who control the market would deliver by degrees each account, as a man pays out rope, instead of suddenly dumping down their

shares. On Thursday afternoon, after being very flat, the market steadied appreciably, and there can be no doubt that after option-day (next Monday) there will probably be a sharp recovery. Two shares which have been overlooked are South African Gold Trust and Simmer and Jack Proprietary. The Gold Trust have been making a great deal of money as a finance company, and by the end of the year will probably pay a 40 per cent. dividend, or possibly more. Simmer and Jack paid 2s. 6d. a share in the spring, and we believe they will pay a like amount in the autumn. A share paying 25 per cent. is ridiculously cheap at 2½.

The Provincial Government of Buenos Aires have issued a loan of £2,380,952 in 4½ per cent. bonds at 88½, of which about a third, or £714,280, is offered in London, the balance being placed on the Continent. The loan is raised for the purpose of constructing a railway from La Plata, the capital of the province, to Meridiano Quinto, on the boundary, the equipment and net receipts of the new line being hypothecated to the service of the bonds. At the price we should say the bonds were a good investment. Whether the new railway will be a feeder or a rival to the Buenos Aires Great Southern and the Buenos Aires Western railways, we are not sufficiently familiar with the Argentine railway position to say.

The Kukub Rubber Estates Company certainly offers great attractions as a speculation in tropical produce. The capital is £250,000, of which £50,000 is held in reserve. There are offered £50,000 participating preference shares, which after getting 6 per cent. rank *pari passu* with the ordinary shares (150,000) for the balance. The Kukub estates in Johore, about twenty-eight miles from Singapore, and 1700 acres in extent, have been worked for a great many years by the Arabian family of Alsagoff, who are said in the prospectus to have spent £250,000 in draining and planting the estate with sago palms, Para rubber trees and coconut palms. The output of sago is enormous; there are 76,000 rubber trees from one to nine years old, nurseries containing tens of thousands of young trees ready for transplanting; and there are 7000 acres of jungle; 1000 acres of which must by the terms of the lease be cleared and planted with rubber during every three years, meaning an addition of 100,000 rubber trees every time. The net revenue for the first year is estimated at £53,699, and unless the directors have been grossly deceived by the vendors, on whose reports the prospectus is based, the shares ought to get a respectable dividend within twelve months. It will of course be necessary to set aside a considerable portion of the profits for the development of the virgin area.

Homolil Trust Limited offers for public subscription 100,000 £1 shares out of a capital of £150,000. Homolil is described as a home-produced fuel which is to take the place of petrol. It is said to be cheaper, more powerful and consequently more economical.

THREE EQUITABLES.

THERE are quite a number of life offices having the word "Equitable" in their title. First and foremost there is the Old Equitable, whose age is nearly one hundred and fifty years: it frequently claims excellence on the ground that it employs no agents and pays no commission for the introduction of business. So far as the society is good for policyholders—and for certain purposes it is very good indeed—it deserves every possible credit; but we are not enamoured of this method of claiming support. The saving of commission is nothing like the benefit it is claimed to be, partly because the new business is so extremely small that the favourable mortality resulting from the influx of lives that have been medically examined recently does not accrue to the society. The features upon which the Equitable lays stress are only a part of the whole story, and a supplement is needed. It earns, for instance, only £3 12s. 8d. per cent. per annum on its funds. If it spent another 5 per cent. of its premiums in paying commission and obtaining a larger new business, and managed to earn an extra 4s. per cent. per annum on

its funds, it would be better off than it is at the present time. Its expenditure would then be £11 16s. out of every £100 of premiums, and the interest would be £3 16s. 8d. per cent. per annum of the funds—a condition of things which is bettered by a great many other companies. Continual harping upon partial truths is not quite what we like to see in an office like the Old Equitable. The report mentions the favourable rate of expenditure, but makes no mention of the unfavourable rate of interest. All the salient features connected with the society should be brought out, instead of those only which tell in its favour.

The British Equitable is a company that was started a little more than half a century ago, and the quinquennial valuation as at the 31st January of this year shows that it is unable to declare any bonus. The immediate cause of this is depreciation in the value of securities, but the original cause is that the company has paid a vast deal too much for commission and expenses. For a great many years past more than 5s. out of every £1 paid in premiums has been used in this way, and no company can flourish under such conditions. Of course, the company has done the right thing in declaring no bonus, in strengthening the reserves and in calculating its liabilities at 3 per cent. interest instead of at the higher rates formerly employed. Even on the former valuation basis, however, there would have been no surplus on the present occasion. The result is doubtless disappointing to the policyholders, but the bonus prospects are better than they were, and the company is quite solvent and certain to pay its claims. The absence of a bonus is really a sign of improvement, not of deterioration; the depreciation in capital value now written off may be recovered wholly or in part in the future, but the company must reduce its expenditure very largely.

We know as a fact that the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States has been improving very rapidly in recent years, but the annual reports scarcely help us at all to ascertain the betterment that is being effected. The management is still harping upon size instead of upon quality. The only effective statement about merit is that which shows the improvement in the rate of interest earned. In 1908 the interest was £4 9s., in 1906 it was £4 5s. and in 1904 £3 18s. These figures indicate greatly increased profit-earning capacity for the benefit of policyholders, and there is the further striking fact that the value of the assets has increased during the year by very nearly £4,000,000. By this we do not mean the increase in the amount of the funds, but the appreciation in the value of securities when the book values are compared with the market values. In many respects the American Equitable is better than it makes itself out to be. We have reason to believe that its rate of bonus is substantially improving, and yet this is a point upon which the report has nothing whatever to say.

THE IRISHMAN WHO SUCCEEDED.

By "PAT".

EVEN as a small boy Sir Horace Plunkett had ways of his own, and there is a story of a very fast horse that flung him far into the next field over his first fence. Having calmly reviewed the cause and effect of it, he insisted on a much faster horse, explaining, "If this animal had not been so slow I couldn't have moved so suddenly ahead of him; I must have a horse that can arrive under me at the far side of a fence".

From that day to this Sir Horace has never ceased to deal in cause and effect, but with the connexion so much closer that he makes trouble for himself, among a people gifted by nature and directed in experience to ignore cause and effect, which implies the exercise of reason. He has even gone so far as to study some effects of the other world on this, at least in Ireland, suggesting that the virtues which fit a man for success in either world are not necessarily identical with those which fit him for success in the other; a fairly plain proposition, at least in other countries, and one sanctioned by all the creeds, so obvious is the truth of it; but the suggestion has been interpreted by a majority of the Irish as a subtle attempt to put both worlds in some way out of right relations

to one another and to Ireland. Not one of the critics explains how such far-reaching confusion could be brought about by one man, but that only makes it the easier to assert the motive. My own opinion on this particular matter could have no value. Such things are too high for me, and if I dare to look so far up after others it is merely to encourage those who have to move with myself along the ground. The more humble a man's lot the sweeter to him is the luxury of increased confidence in the exalted ones of his kind, whether in their passage between two fields or between two worlds.

While Sir Horace has considered some effects of the other world on this, he has followed a courteous caution as to all effects of this world on the other. It is only on this side of the nexus that the economist needs to come in, and he is an economist. The delicate subtlety of his restraint suggests that, for his peace, he would prefer not to come in on either side; but he is a patriot as well as an economist, and devoted to a country which, he thinks, is unduly controlled by the other world. For instance, while confessing a generous estimate of piety, he suggests that a people wholly occupied in prayer could produce no turnips, which would be bad for winter feeding and the dairy; and this may be taken as a fair example of his desire for a readjustment mutually more equitable between both worlds.

It is fit and right, never questioned by Sir Horace, that at this end we must have some duly great kind of Privy Council to translate the messages from the greater Kingdom, and he would be the last to deny this tribunal its necessary attribute of divine contact; but accepting its humanity also on its own admission, he suggests possible fallibility in profane affairs, claiming a right for the economist to examine these, from the standpoint of men's need to live until it is right for them to die. Indeed, one of his strongest points has been to start for debate, Whether God Wished Men to Die of Hunger in Ireland, himself opening on the negative side.

Even that might have passed without serious trouble, assuming the debate kept private, had he not gone into concrete details, put his finger on particular errors, traced the connexion to specific evils in the result, and called *publicly* for conduct on different and better lines. Critics of Ireland are often unfair in saying that she permits no mental freedom; there is no country where a man's mind is more free so long as he keeps it strictly private, takes no action on his own convictions, and recommends no action to anybody except on the convictions of somebody else.

Years before Sir Horace opened his public debate he had applied his own convictions in silent practice, employing men out of taxation to go past the Privy Council in such profane affairs as the growing of potatoes, to set peasants' minds working directly on the soil, and to advance the fact that the medium of thought mattered comparatively little so long as men were set really thinking; and, not being himself a Privy Councillor, he had to attempt these things in his own way, and did so, honestly and faithfully assuming that, since men must live, he could offend neither world by helping them to live well.

He appears to have made a mistake, however, in forgetting that there were really three worlds to be conciliated, this, the Other, and the Privy Council; but the third soon made him aware of its claims, and in a way that he will not forget. He found it impeding his plans at every point. For instance, he found it necessary sometimes to say "Nitrogen" in his teachings on the soil, but he could not get the Privy Council to tell the peasants in the schools what was Nitrogen, and they ought to know so much before he could well start on them. What could he do? He could not even complain. That might stop even such small practice as he was making. Worst of all, even when he succeeded in driving home an idea and founding a conviction, he could not get the peasants to act on it. They had not been in the habit of acting on convictions. The notion was as new to them as Nitrogen itself. Their habit had been to act on the alleged convictions of others, and they behaved under a subtle reservation which they would not be uncivil enough to specify, due to the feeling that he was not the man to define for them the convictions

on which they ought to act. In short, they must have the approval of the Privy Council before they could act on any particular conviction, ignorant as they were as to the nefarious designs against Faith, Morals and Patriotism that might be hidden in Nitrogen, so novel to "the Priests and People of Ireland".

Yet that was not their moral law, as officially defined by the Privy Council itself. Their moral law held them free to act on their own convictions first, accounting for it afterwards; but the Privy Councillors held them bound in any matter, against the moral law, to come first and ask, "Please, may I believe this thing and act on it?" The result was a wobbling volition which made it impossible for the wisest statesman to know when he had them or when they might have him. They were plainly at a point of view which made even their virtues incalculable in economic terms, with the result of a merely reflex morality, unworkable on any general principles known to the science and art of statesmanship. Where mind must conciliate tyranny, virtue becomes the child of terror.

That was how Sir Horace Plunkett came to see that the Irish Question was "a problem in character", and charged its share of responsibility to the Roman Catholic Church, through "its complete shifting of what I may call the moral centre of gravity to a future existence". I have always felt sorry he did not say instead, "the human centre of gravity" etc. Anybody who believes at all in a future existence must acknowledge his moral centre of gravity there, and the Irish trouble is rather the persistent attempt to fix the human centre of gravity there along with it, confusing the appropriate standards of efficiency between this world and that. Besides, I cannot but feel and regret that in attempting an improved location for "the moral centre of gravity" Sir Horace has somewhat exceeded the frontiers of the economist to invade the proper territory of the Privy Council, which we Irish laymen must avoid doing if our intellectual and moral capacities are to influence our country for her good. On our own side of the frontier we have much more than we can do to resist the invasions of the Privy Councillors; and in my own cheery skirmishes over this too familiar ground with the Gatekeepers of the nexus I have always confined myself strictly to the defensive, knowing the tactical value of putting them obviously in the wrong as invaders, not to mention how one's moral egoism is pleased by the privilege of correcting his moral superiors, which, in a case like ours, is a defined duty as well as a pleasant privilege. Sir Horace ought to make a closer study of Roman Catholic doctrine, which he will find as broad in liberty as the Irish practice of it is narrow in tyranny; and with this I will ask him to forgive my little lecture on the Cosmic frontiers.

In spite of all, he did get his deadly demonstrators past the Privy Council, and now they are everywhere in Ireland, quickening the peasant brain through the profit of the soil, in spite of the schools. As an established policy, the State is permanently committed to the production and distribution of these demonstrators, who talk botany, chemistry, and even physiology in human backwaters where life had so long found no vital interest nearer than the skies. The demonstrators, like their subtle inventor, work by way of cause and effect; therefore, not through the Privy Council, which abhors the process. Thus the demonstrators are free to be useful. I have listened to the free exercise of their faculties in places where such a phenomenon had never been known, at least since the days of Deirdre. A distinguished ecclesiastic of ours has laid it down, "Take a boy as far as the rule of proportion, and you make an enemy of the Church". Then, what must be the effect of taking many men as far as physiology, botany and chemistry? Sir Horace Plunkett's new hedge schoolmasters are the real educators of the peasantry, and they are producing their effect, in spite of the twelve thousand or more paid agents of organised inanity who occupy the school at an enormously greater cost to the taxpayer.

Among a people organised to make thought impossible it naturally took some time to discover the depth of his aims and the subtlety of his methods; but once the discovery was made, the professional "thinkers" were up

against him like one man, and the "Irish" party, true to their traditional direction from the Tiber, caused Parliament to dishonour itself by removing him from his work. Too late! The "danger" had been done. The demonstrators were already delivering lectures, distributing live ideas which could not be controlled even from the Tiber. Mr. Redmond himself could not follow in the office without permitting the operation of ideas, so firmly "dangerous" had the foundations been laid.

I cannot yet see any real addition to the marketing, which shows rather an improvement in a rising minority and continued decay in a falling majority, with a loss on the whole. From the point at which the two tendencies must meet, a surviving remnant of the Irish race at home must start upward, with a rising majority and a falling minority. That starting-point is far off yet, and the Privy Council would have it farther, but the people are on the way to it, struggling with a great patience, despite the periodical rise in temperature, which is not out of proportion to the friction. Much as they may dislike my assertion, the Irish people are in the essentials exactly like other peoples, and will reveal better aspects of themselves under better influences, especially such influences as set their faculties free to determine their destiny. Their impulse to live is not less than in others, though their incapacity for compromise may be more.

I am not sorry that Sir Horace's first noticeable effects are in the mind rather than in the market, and I do not think he is sorry for it. It is much more interesting as a human achievement, and much more in harmony with the sympathies that colour my belief in the Irish: I do not want to see them start from Paradise to finish at Manchester. The problem is rather to strengthen their hold on the earth without spoiling their vision of higher places, but rather helping it, since a firm standpoint at some place is necessary to the best view of any other. The Irish in Ireland have been off their feet. Put the mind right, and the market follows. There are better things than food and clothes, but they are not brought nearer by naked hunger. This is the point at which both worlds must co-operate, and if Privy Councillors cannot agree, then let them differ in defeat.

Towards these vital ends Sir Horace Plunkett has done more than any other man of our time, and this little attempt to interpret him is mainly because his results are deeper than can easily be seen, more valuable and more far-reaching than can yet be analysed in the concrete. If the future history of Ireland be no better written than the past, I can hardly appeal to it; but if otherwise, Sir Horace Plunkett's place in it must be a great one, due largely to his constitutional peculiarities. Saxon in the broad depth of his sympathies and in his fearlessness of criticism, but quite as Celtic in the subtlety of his insights, he has dared to face the peculiar ugliness of Ireland's problem, and seen behind the moral curves of her mental arabesque, leaving a monument to his service in the bitterness of the enmities excited by it. I have never been so disgusted by anything in Mr. Redmond's career as his deliberate attempt to organise ignorant suspicion and prejudiced passion against this surely unselfish departure towards the salvation of what remains of the Irish people; and the one thing meaner that I know in the matter is the sneering of those whose positions were created for them by Sir Horace Plunkett before they succeeded in displacing him to make room for themselves. They are like monkeys mocking the tree on which they have climbed to noticeable security.

A PLAY AND AN ACTRESS.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

THE desire for "the simple life" is a very good theme for comedy. There is not, of course, anything ridiculous in the desire itself, which is a quite natural and reasonable outcome of twentieth-century existence. To that existence "the simple life" is a necessary counterpoise. When men and women find their energy undermined by the excessive demands made on it, and their nerves all a-jangle through use of those

various artificial stimulants and sedatives that enable them to cope with the exigencies of a world robbed of all its old easy and seemingly charm by the various engines of applied science, it is natural that men and women should envy, and right that they should emulate, the beasts of the fields. When penny-stamps and steam-engines were vouchsafed to the world, it was honestly thought that thereby a great deal of time and trouble would be saved for us. When, furthermore, motor-cars and telephones and "tubes" were shaken out of the cornucopia, you scrambled for them eagerly, not having learned your lesson. You have learned it now. There is not one thinking person among you that would not, for sake of the happiness of the human race, be glad to have these "tyrannous toys" smashed up and swept away and forgotten. That cannot be, of course. The world is not governed by sense. What you think good for you, what you really want, counts for little. Nobody—except perhaps a fourth-form boy here and there—wants to possess an air-ship. But every nation will have to possess as many of them as it can—until air-ships be superseded by some subtler and swifter vehicle, for use in the very-soon-by-some-inspired-idiot-to-be-discovered fourth dimension of space. In course of time, thanks to science, the human race will collapse and cease. Meanwhile, though the units of it are everywhere collapsing under the burden of life, there is no hope of a collective revolt. The average unit, after a few collapses, ceases. A lucky minority of units has the means to take holidays long enough to restore their vitality; and so, in a state of alternate action and reaction, they can muddle through to the end. To spend many whole days in walking naked through a pine-forest, to eat nuts only, and drink only well-water, to sleep naked on gravel soil à la belle étoile—all this is very good for you, is the only way to restore you to the ridiculous life you lead at other times. But it is not, I conceive, very delightful. On the contrary, it must be a great bore. From the outside, the contrast between it and your usual life is good comedy; and your boredom is good comedy, too.

Mr. McEvoy was wise to take the theme; and Miss Horniman, of the repertory theatre in Manchester, was wise to produce his play: it is great fun, and has been one of the successes of Miss Horniman's fortnight at the Coronet Theatre. In the first act we see a famous novelist dictating to his secretary the end of his great new work. His popularity is founded on the breeziness of his style. To urban toilers none brings so buoyantly as he the scent of the bean-fields, the lowing of cattle at sundown, the warbling of dairy-maids as they go forth in the dawn to their simple labours, and so on. He, poor fellow, does it all from within himself, as being essentially an urban toiler. His contracts with publishers have kept him hard at work in Clement's Inn for several years. By the strained look in his eyes, by the hysterical sound of his voice, and by other symptoms very cleverly suggested by Mr. Iden Payne, you judge him to be on the verge of a break-down. Cigarettes make him dizzy; but to leave off smoking makes him feel worse. His secretary, under protest, doses him with this and that nostrum, holding the glass to his lips. By hook or crook he manages to dictate the last sentence of his novel, and collapses, but rises to a great resolve: he will make a dash for freedom, spend the rest of his days in contact with the soil, never write another line. Even his secretary, a dry and elderly man, is infected by his ardour, and follows him into the wilds. There, after a month, we see them. The secretary has been disillusioned very soon after the outset. The novelist, having retrieved his health, escapes by an adventure from subsequent boredom. The adventure is a young lady who resides in a caravan, and wears the costume and speaks the lingo of a gipsy. The novelist (who is also on the Borrowian tack) sees at a glance that she is a jaded worldling, like himself. She sees not less promptly through him. But each supposes the other to be deceived. The comedy ends, of course, in mutual love, and in mutual agreement that the simple life is rather tedious in itself. The end being so well foreseen, it is a pity that Mr. McEvoy did not compress his play into three acts. There is at many points a certain slackness in his handling of it.

The theme is developed surely enough, but not quickly enough: there is too much of mere embroidery on it. What Mr. McEvoy needs to cultivate is his sense of form. His humour, and his observation, and his inventiveness, will then win him a very high place. All the characters in the play are well drawn—especially the secretary, played with a perfect sense of the character by Mr. Charles Bibby. In "Widowers' Houses", which I saw on the following evening, Mr. Bibby was not less pungent as Cokane.

As in the art of life, so in pictorial art, a yearning for the simple life has begun to manifest itself. Mr. Sargent, who has excelled in depicting the restlessness of great ladies on priceless sofas, is said to have decided that he can do it no more. There is on view at this moment, as an earnest of his resolve, a portrait by him of a naked hermit in a desert; a hermit at rest (so Mr. Sargent would have us think), planté là and meaning to stay so, undisturbed even by the urban complexity and velocity of Sargentine technique. Perhaps Mr. Sargent will presently shed, just as Mr. Augustus John is now shedding, the vanities of twentieth-century technique, and revert to the ways of primitive masters. Not that he will ever manage to produce—except at first glance—a really primitive effect. A man cannot, however great his yearnings, free his soul of its environment. Look (for example) at Mr. John's "Going down to the Sea". They are ample and simple in outline, these women, and have dignity and buoyancy and repose. Yet, after we have looked awhile, we grow conscious that they are women of our own time. We see it first in their faces. No hillside Etruscans, they! They have just been going through "the Nature cure". They have obeyed to the letter the drastic injunctions of the superintendent of the institution. They have eaten nothing but nuts, and have not once been indoors. It has done them a world of good. They have all of them gained two or three stone in weight. They no longer start at a sound. They can concentrate their minds. They can digest their food, and sleep soundly. But we see still in their faces how near they were to a break-down before they were sent here. The stress of modern life has left on their mouths and in their dark eyes traces that no cure, however drastic, can efface. Also, they are bored. They wouldn't admit it. But time, on this the last day of their cure, passes with leaden feet. They are longing for the moment when they can throw off their "simple life" draperies, and resume their fashionable frocks, and motor back to London.

It is Mr. John's good fortune that he, in his yearning for primitive simplicities, and in his failure to achieve them truly, typifies the age in which he lives. He paints, malgré lui, the tragedy of the twentieth century. That is the main secret of his hold on us. He has called into visual being the prevalent mood. Already he has many imitators. Anon they will be innumerable. Among the P. R. B. and their imitators, Miss Ellen Terry was idolised, because she in her own face and figure reproduced much of that type which they had evoked on canvas as a symbol of their protest against the circumstances of life in middle-Victorian England. I rather think that the young lady who has been playing the principal parts in the Coronet repertory is destined to be the idol of all the young painters during the next twenty years or so. For Miss Mona Limerick is in three dimensions a synthesis of the figures that Mr. John has projected on canvas. She has a barbaric air, and yet an air of being over-civilised. She has an air of belonging to any age but this, and yet she is intensely modern. She might be a Delilah, or a Madonna, or a Cassandra; but always of the twentieth century. Tigresses and monkeys, swans and gazelles, are none of them quite unlike her; yet she is pre-eminently woman. And she might be Persian, or she might be Roman; but her place is in London (though Manchester will be loth to lose her, no doubt). Hers is the most far-fetched personality that you could conceive; and her acting is no anti-climax to her mystical flamboyance: she is a tragedian of great power. Mr. McEvoy's gay little comedy somehow managed to exist under the shadow

of this power; but it had a very narrow escape. And "Widowers' Houses" was thrown considerably out of gear by the looming up of Blanche Sartorius (that nasty little shrew) as a great and noble incarnation of high-tragic legend. There is no use for Miss Mona Limerick in slight parts; and she could never achieve either prettiness or ugliness. Her tragic beauty and power fit her only for great parts; and these, I hope, will befall her in plenty. Her power is as yet unbridled, verging sometimes to the grotesque. But of its authenticity there can be no doubt.

UTAMARO AND HIS PEERS.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

THE prices paid at the sale of the Happer collection at the end of April have begun to make people in this country suspect that there is something in Japanese prints after all. These prints have never been taken very seriously by English collectors, in spite of a few exceptions; and no English collection has ever approached the great private collections in France and in America. The examples usually seen in London shops give little hint of what the best of their designers could achieve, or of the beauties of a really fine impression. But just now at the Fine Art Society's there is an exhibition which should open people's eyes. It is a wonderful series of choice impressions; and the prints, which number over two hundred and fifty, illustrate the art from its earliest beginnings at the end of the seventeenth century to its last great master, Hiroshige, who died in 1858. The decadence, which was rapid and complete, is not represented; but the Primitives, whose work is now so rare, are represented unusually well. And how oddly primitive these early masters are! Japanese artists had been painting all kinds of subjects for a thousand years before the first of these prints was produced; and yet in all that vast series of pictures, however far we go back, we find nothing that is primitive in the sense that these are primitive. All these prints, it must be remembered, were made by artisans and for the city populace. The earliest of them were nearly all for use in connexion with the recently established popular theatre, and produced by men trained to design posters in broad and vigorous outline. But the primitive aspect is due to nothing so much as the limits of the earlier engravers' skill. Paintings by Moronobu, for instance, are quite different in aspect from the woodcuts after his designs, such as we see in Nos. 1 and 2. By degrees the skill both of woodcutter and printer was to become almost miraculous; but it was a gradual, slow process. It was not till after the middle of the eighteenth century that the colour-print was invented in its full complexity by Harunobu. Of this exquisite artist there is a delightful set of twenty or more examples.

Japanese prints are too often regarded merely as decoration. But when one comes to grow familiar with them and the world they represent, the humanity in them becomes a real thing; and when we have learnt to prize the company of the delicate child-like natures that have such charming ways and manners in Harunobu's designs, the healthy beauty and buoyant poise of Kiyonaga's stately figures, it is hard to tolerate the mean-featured and grimacing men and women we find in the later work of such men as Kunisada and Yeizan. Look at Harunobu's two girls looking down from a little bridge on the lotus-flowers below (No. 58), or the young mother doing her hair before a mirror. What a captivating, flower-like innocent air they have! There is a kind of intellectual innocence, indeed, in the artist's attitude toward his subject; and this is true not only of Harunobu but of the typical creations of the school. These artists take for their theme the daily spectacle of life around them; and they present it without comment, without criticism, with no emphasis of humour or pathos. Their mood is serious; but their seriousness comes from no deep apprehension of the tragedies or difficulties of life. It comes from an entire simplicity of faith in the beauty of what they see and the joy they have in that beauty. Modern painting in

Europe has done its best to portray the contemporary scene; but the trend of our painting is to concentrate not on the actual humanity presented, but on the beauty of atmosphere and illumination, or, again, on the texture of materials and surfaces; or our painters escape from a realism that with our methods of complete representation would of itself be heavy and insignificant, by infusing irony, pathos, malice, or comedy into their observation of the scene before them. But European art can show nothing quite like that combination of everyday material, observed and portrayed without any sophistication of sentiment, with a mood and method associated in Europe only with early religious painting, where the primitive convention employed emphasises the grave abstractness of the theme.

I could not illustrate what I mean more aptly than by pointing to a print by Utamaro in this collection, No. 167. It is a half-length figure of a young woman examining her blackened teeth—it was the custom to blacken the teeth when married—in a round hand-mirror. The figure is isolated against an empty background, though the blank paper has a silvery sheen from the mica spread over it. There is hardly any colour; what there was has faded. Utamaro relies simply on his magnificent sense of design and his beautifully expressive contours. It is a real woman; we have the sense of intimate life and of an actual youthful presence. And yet we are lifted into the world of severe essential beauty, the world of such creations as the Venus of Botticelli. It is Utamaro, I think, who triumphs most in this exhibition; and it is well that this wonderful artist should be seen, as he is here seen, at his best. For he is too often judged by the inferior prints of his last years or by prints signed indeed with his name but with which he had nothing to do. His reputation in the West has already had its vicissitudes. In France he has been dethroned for the time being in favour of Kiyonaga. If one is considering this school of popular art as a whole and in its development, it is natural to concentrate attention on Kiyonaga, who represents the central culminating point, and after whom the decline sets in. Kiyonaga is but scantily represented at the Fine Art Society's; but even he, splendid in his strength of drawing and in the serene nobility of his types, has not the magical unexpectedness and power of Utamaro's design. Look, for instance, at the set of the Twelve Hours of the Day, Nos. 148 to 159, not the only set of this subject designed by the artist. These belong to the early 1790's, when Utamaro had emerged from the spell of Kiyonaga's dominating style, and had triumphantly realised his own brilliant personality. How wonderfully the figures, when there are two of them, are related to each other! How enchanting are the silhouettes of the young girls attending on their mistresses; and in the night scene, where the single slender figure, holding a taper in her hand, is putting a foot into her sandal, what choice, what decision, what exquisiteness of drawing! Such things as these come to us as a revelation of the untold inexhaustible beauties awaiting the receptive eye in every simple action, every natural movement of the body. With this series I should associate the superb triptych of the Mosquito Net, though some authorities would place it nearly ten years later. Here Utamaro has invented a strange and impressive composition with three women seated among rumpled clothes under the great net, and three very tall figures of maids standing outside it. You may note here, as elsewhere, the sense of a subtle ritual in the doings and habits of everyday which gives a kind of perfume to the life of the Japanese of whatever class. The passion for immensely tall and slender figures possessed Utamaro for a brief time; but in the famous twelve-sheet print, the Silk-worm Set, of a few years later, it has already died down. There is an example of this set in the exhibition, but unlike most of those shown, it is not of first-rate quality of impression. Then there are three delightful triptychs of night scenes, girls carrying lanterns along the Sumida bank, or catching fireflies, or watching a fisherman hauling in his net; and belonging to a triptych is the print here called "The Rain Storm"

(No. 194) of two girls and a man running for the shelter of a tree. Wind, the rain, atmosphere—everything is suggested by frank convention. But could complete naturalism and illusion succeed better in giving us the vivid freshness of an experience of the senses?

Of the rest of the exhibition—of the twenty Sharaku prints, now so rare, the charming Shunman triptych, the fine early Toyokunis, and, above all, the magnificent Hokusais—I have space only to say that those who missed seeing these things will have matter for keen regret.

This week will be memorable to amateurs of Japanese art for the conclusion of the sale at Sotheby's of Mr. Happer's incomparable collection of Hiroshige prints, the finest and largest ever brought together. Such a mass of work does not, it may be, heighten our appreciation of the artist; yet we judge him in the end by his best; and Hiroshige's best prints, in fine impressions, are astonishing for the fulness of effect achieved with such economy of means. No one has rendered like him the beauty of snow and the beauty of rain.

DEDICATION.

EVERY reader has probably his favourite writer, but it has not yet been admitted that every writer has his favourite reader. This seems unfair. It would be better, surely, if writers were frank about it, and gave the reader some chance to come up to their ideal. Sometimes, it is true, a hint is given in the preface or dedication, but even then there is not much to go upon. Too often the preface is an explanation of something that is to follow, or an apology for something that is missing; and the dedication is always vague. What, for instance, can the reader judge from two bare initials? Is "A. M." the perfect reader? Probably he is. Almost certainly the writer knew he would appreciate the book. If so, surely we ought to know something more about him. There is nothing for our guidance in so curt a dismissal of him, and all we can do is to wonder what sort of man he is. In the days when books were dedicated to patrons the reader had not this feeling. He cared nothing about Lord So-and-so, but he cannot help being inquisitive about "A. M." For he is on the first page of the book, under the special protection of the writer; and it is obvious that he is there because it was certain he could be trusted to read the book as the writer would have it read. No one would dedicate a book simply from friendship. There must be some motive behind, some determination to make sure, at any rate, of one perfect reader. The writer runs no risks with "A. M." All the wit and knowledge which other unauthorised readers might pass over are safe with him.

Surely then it would be well if we could have, instead of the preface, a short account of "A. M." or "E. L. S." or "Lucy", or whoever it may be. There would not then be any danger of the book falling into the wrong hands. The inexperienced reader would turn to the dedication, and find out whether the book was meant for him or not. There would be no necessity for hurriedly turning over the pages. Everyone, of course, has done this, and everyone has taken the wrong book home, and found, too late, that it has nothing for him. It is a cheerless business, this misguided carrying home of a book, and it has happened on Saturday night, in the rain, often. And yet the book looked interesting. The passages you happened to read seemed to promise good things. It was clear, too, that others had read the book, and that at least one reader had been interested. For there, neatly written in the margin, were the words, say, "How true!" Obviously someone had been roused, and it seemed certain that there must be something in a book which could compel a lady to take up her pen and write so spontaneous an appreciation. Therefore you took it home carefully under your coat, and looked forward to a successful hour or two. But by the end of the first chapter you could not help noticing that the book was meant for someone else; and then, as you turned it about in a desperate search for something to

encourage you to finish it, you saw the dedication, "To A. M." At once you understood. "A. M." was the chosen reader, the man on whom the writer was happy to rely. As for you, you had no right to touch the book. Had the writer seen you he would have known that it had got into the wrong hands, and he would have asked you to give it up. He could not have stood by and seen you pass over his best phrases and hurry hopelessly from one page to another. Mercifully, the writer does not often have to watch his reader in the act. He need not know anything about the books thrown across the room, and, what is even more merciful, he need know nothing about the doze following the first chapter. No writer would dare to follow his book about the world and be a spectator of its fate. Dickens might have been safe with "David Copperfield"; but who else would risk the journey? Years ago writers were more careful to avoid the wrong reader, and they took pains to make it clear for whom their book was meant. Montaigne, for instance, was not satisfied with the vagueness of "A. M." or "E. L. S." or "Lucy". He put before his essays an address to the reader, in which he made it clear that he expected him to be gentle. Shelley also, in dedicating "The Cenci" to Leigh Hunt, did not hesitate to give some description of the man who was for him the perfect reader. "Had I", he said, "known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had selected for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive and confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners I never knew, and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list."

Why should not this art of dedication be revived? It is the art of choosing the right readers, and it should be as necessary for the author to choose his readers as for the reader to choose his authors. A visit to a library would then become a simpler business. The dedication would give at least a hint of what was expected from the reader, and, if this were impossible, he could put the book down and take away some other.

A SUSSEX CARRIER.

THE little house is so perched that the deep roadway is invisible from its wide windows, and the sense, supported by the rarity of passing sounds, of immersion day and night in meadow and woodland is, at moments, happily complete. But the sandy high-banked lane is there for other moods, confessing itself part of the world-wide network as it drops steeply to the tiny hamlet a mile away, bearing the morning visit of the cyclist-postman and now and again through the week the businesslike rattle of a tradesman's cart as sole infringement of the stillness. Down at the gates, to be sure, one may see the passing of the early labourer, and later on a few school-children will straggle by rapt, all undimmed by the discipline ahead, in the joyous moment; while on market days there are the driven cattle crowding and reluctant, the traps and dogcarts conveying anticipatory farmers and dealers and purposeful shopping housewives with a comfortable punctuality to the magnetic centre.

But neither these things, nor the labouring passage of the heavy wains in autumn covering the brimming hedgerows with sunburnt streamers, nor yet the thunderous procession of the thresher make any real disturbance of the sense of peace; they do not break the widespread picture: they are, deeply, a part of it, woven as it were into the developing scene.

But there are times here and there among the days when a challenge rises from the hidden lane and the world, that seems to lie away so securely beyond the wooded slopes, comes near pressing a confident tentacle, heralded, breaking the spell by a loose-jointed rumbling

and the clean trit-trot of the carrier's workaday horses. The harsh scraping of the brake as the hill is reached is the signal to the interested ear for a momentary observation from the quiet homestead of the passing portent. It may be only the temporary visiting stranger—but stranger it is, some kind of new-coming, for who else, having driven along the regular beat, the five miles of Sussex road lying between the railway station and the village, would come this further distance by any route but the "Four Fields Way", leaving impedimenta to take their leisurely chance in Wilson's hand-trolley? An ignorant invasion, an outrageous careering; but, to Hinker, a salient opportunity. He has dropped his freight and his passengers; his regular work is done; and now with lightened vehicle he gallantly drives some romantic "foreigner" along an unwonted path. It is a garnished occasion.

Moreover, in the everyday way passengers are but poor profit—the villagers preferring to tramp the five miles rather than pay more than fourpence, and Hinker gives many a "lift". But this is a different matter. This "going off the road" is an affair of sixpence beyond the usual charge, as a printed notice inside the door prudently warns.

The rare vision of him thus lumbering hugely down narrow lanes, the charioteer of pilgrims, is the extremest spectacle, is, so to say, the most cosmic manifestation of Hinker's public activities available in a consideration covering the year round; it lasts a moment, fading happily and necessarily as it passes out of sight down the road into the more ordinary, into the familiar and individual picture of his final daily toil; and one sees him obviously related and ensconced, in his contribution to the jog-trot unity of the village life, standing in the little station-yard at the door of his omnibus, meeting the afternoon train. There he is, at the apex of his responsibilities, charged with the results of his faithful hour in the market town, with commissions sympathetically executed, messages to deliver, all the bonds of the various traffic of the farms and villages on his beat carried, motherwise, in heart and head. No notebook for Hinker, one is moved, under the stimulus of a glimpse of an occasionally supplanting "junior" with "stylo" and pocket-book, almost defensively to chronicle. There he stands, informing his burden, grave and glowing, welcoming the returning wanderer.

It is an excellent way, in most weathers, to take the ride to the village on the box of Hinker's omnibus, sharing the wide sweet air and his garnering of tolerant observation, of dogma and aphorism and rough reconciliation. The alternative is that one shall stow oneself away in the dim interior amongst the packages of dry goods—the fish, cheeses, "sides" of bacon, market-garden produce and bottles of medicine. Sitting near the door on a narrow bench innocent of upholstery, one may, if there are no local passengers, keep the little sliding sash down in mitigation of the congregated odours.

Travellers have been known to resort to the roof, but it is generally piled—to astonishment—with trugs or trug-makers' materials, with beehives or hop-poles, and all kinds of smaller furniture, whose delivery along the route, with its accompaniment of unlashng and lowering, of patient adjustment and securing, commonly means that the five miles is not accomplished under the hour even in summer-time and with Hinker's best couple; while in winter it is well indefinitely to reconcile oneself.

Townpeople, Londoners in particular, in the holiday-time, furnished with the metropolitan vehicular symbol a bedizened "Favourite"—itself withdrawing at this moment into the region of romantic spectacle—are apt to lose themselves in comparisons and confusions and to miss the magic in their attempt to evoke it from an empty source—their efforts to place Hinker and his vehicle in categories of the funny, the quaint.

Sometimes they will chafe, grumbling and impatient. They have journeyed, they have got away, they are eager now with spasmodic urban nerves to pounce and extract, to find the open joy regarded ardently from afar in dim perspective—and, behold! a delay, a void.

But here and there among the spectators there are eyes to see, eyes freed from naïve amusement, imprisoned no

longer in impatience and expectation, and for them the truth will abundantly out.

And with them one would share a glimpse of Hinker and his triumphant car which comes to anyone chancing to be out on the marsh some night during the moonlit half of November. If he be anywhere in the neighbourhood of Horse Eye, the little knoll rising so abruptly in the midst of the wide scene, the marsh lying round him for miles under the luminous sky, and the dim outlines of sleeping cattle just discernible, just distinguishable from the clumps of squat willows huddled over the dykes, he will see towards eight o'clock a strip of thick yellow light come winding along the distant roadway where Badman's Hill gives on to the marsh; and all along the level he may watch it gleam and jerk until at last it disappears on its way to the little seaside town whose ring of twinkling lights is visible southwards from the top of the mound. Nearer to the road, he would have heard the anticipatory revellings of the district Good Templars on their way to their filial foregathering; he would have seen them—some twenty devotees, of all conditions—decked and primed with song and recitation or other annual tithe, ready for their great effort "in town". But he would have missed the sense of the still, deep winter's night, of the wide, dim marsh, and in the distance, going confidently forward, the little warm, gleaming yellow light.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIANITY IN ITALY.

I.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Under the title "Christianity in Italy, by a Traveller", the esteemed SATURDAY REVIEW has published three articles which it is desirable to analyse, discuss, and in a measure criticise. Frankly, we were accustomed to such exaggerations about Italian matters, but in French not in English papers, for the French, ignorant of our language and our customs, enjoyed an undesirable pre-eminence in reckless, random blundering when speaking of Italy. If in the days of Leo XIII.—who rather than a religious was a political Pontiff, and unsuccessful at that—there had been talk of a tendency to de-Christianise Italy, the report, however much exaggerated, would have had some foundation in fact, but by no means through any fault of the Italian Government. The fault lay with that Pontiff, who, ever careful of political matters to the damage of religious, made love to the Republican Government of France, presumably to damage Italy in the hope of a restoration of the temporal power, and alienated the sympathies of the Italians, wounded in their patriotism, from the Church, to the great injury of the Catholic religion, by a mistaken Francophile policy, so erroneous as to have brought on its Church immense misfortune, even to the sequestration of the property of the religious congregations and the illegal and violent rupture of the Concordat. Of this mistaken policy his successor, Pius X., has had to pay the penalty, but has nobly and with dignity borne his position, for in view of the miserable situation inherited from his politico-mongering predecessor he could not, in face of the Masonico-Semitic tyranny of the French bloc, take up any other attitude. But with the gentle, patriotic and far-seeing Pius on the throne—far more far-seeing than is generally supposed—it is a very grave error to speak of a de-Christianisation of Italy. Still, while impugning many of "Traveller's" assertions, I do not deny the truth of some of them, and associate myself with him in deploring them.

Among his judgments which seem to me the most erroneous I rank first that which relates to Francesco Crispi. And on this subject I might refer the indulgent reader to various articles which had the honour to appear in the esteemed "Monthly Review", in which, supported by important authentic diplomatic documents, it is clearly shown that this great Italian statesman, the one great statesman that Italy has had since Cavour, not only was not the fierce adversary of the Spiritual Papacy which people try to make out, but,

understanding the advantage both to Church and State, I will not say, of a formal reconciliation—a most difficult thing to bring about—but of a *modus vivendi* and an entente cordiale between the two, he did not fail to attain that high, patriotic and civilised aim. Who does not remember the action, in accord with Crispi, of the illustrious and pious Padre Tosti, who was certainly not disliked by Leo XIII. for his work of conciliation, until the Pope, frightened by the intrigues and threats of the French Republic, brusquely repudiated the business, so that the illustrious Benedictine died of a broken heart in the solitudes of Montecanino?

Having dismissed this incident, it will be advisable to discuss the assertions of "Traveller" and at once to deny that the efforts of English and American evangelistic missionaries have been encouraged by the Italian Government, even admitting, as "Traveller" admits, that Italy has much more reason than France to dislike the Church of Rome. Nor is it more true to say that the Sardinian Government, like the other States of divided Italy, was terrorised by the progress of the Revolution and sought to suppress it by the most stringent and tyrannical methods, for our civil revolution made of the little Sub-Alpine kingdom the great kingdom of Italy.

I observe with pleasure that the first to admit that the Italian State has done its best, in the face of the greatest internal and external difficulties, to bring about an understanding with the Papacy is "Traveller" himself. And to prove this postulate, is there not that considerable monument of political wisdom, informed with the highest respect for the privileges of the Supreme Pontiff, the Law of Guarantees, which I assert, with the pride of an Italian, no other State could have produced? And that wise law is in complete harmony with Article I. of our Constitution—namely that the Catholic religion is the religion of the State. And we can affirm with a good conscience that the Italian Government has so far scrupulously and accurately observed this law.

"Traveller" refers to the appropriation by the State of ecclesiastical property. Well, apart from the fact that much of this property was held by an irregular tenure, the suppression was required by reasons of State of the highest order, seeing the hostile attitude of the Papacy to the unifying and liberal redemption of Italy. In any case it cannot be denied that the Italian Government, in its arduous and difficult task, avoided the genuine ferocity which the present French Government displayed in annexing the property of the Congregations. Then it is a real exaggeration to say that the Italian Government has spoilt the artistic treasures of ecclesiastical property; or, rather, it is more than an exaggeration: it is an accusation devoid of all foundation. It is likewise puerile to blame the Italian Government for having obliged the Seminarists to do military service, seeing that, although they have no right to any privileges, they are always treated with every consideration, put on duty in hospital, and always allowed the free exercise of their sacred ministry. And, contrary to what "Traveller" so lightly asserts, religious sentiment is not less diffused than respected in the Italian army and navy, from generals and admirals to the lowest soldier or sailor. To make my assertion undeniable, it is enough to remember that no ship of war in Italy is launched without the solemn blessing of the bishop, and that no battle-flag—which with us, by a delightful and exquisitely patriotic custom, is given by the ladies of the town after which the vessel is called—is inaugurated which is not blessed with great pomp by the ecclesiastical authority—as happened last week on board the battleship "Napoli", when their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Aosta were present. How then can one seriously talk of hatred of religion in the Italian Government? In fact this hatred of religion in the Italian Government is on all fours with the hatred of religion of my late illustrious friend and revered master, Francesco Crispi, who was a believer in God and who was the convinced and wise originator, though not altogether successful, of an understanding between the civil and ecclesiastical powers.

It is as little true that the soldiers in the barracks in the ex-Convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice, never go to Mass as it would be to say that a considerable number of our soldiers and sailors are not seen on Sundays in all the churches of Italy.

And how can anyone seriously assert that among our middle classes thousands of young men may be found who can tell all about Hercules and Mahomet, but know nothing of Jesus Christ? FELICE SANTINI.

MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 22 May 1909.

SIR,—Everyone who cares what happens to literature in our country must hope that Mr. Filson Young will drive his message home. Alluding to the mediocrity of modern English literature, Mr. Young says "Never mind about the buying public, which is entitled to buy what it pleases and not to buy what does not please it".

I believe mediocrity to be largely due to the decadence of criticism. Does not this affect literature not only directly but indirectly through the buying public? Broadly speaking, the one question publishers ask now when considering matter for publication is Will it sell?

Here comes in the need of minding the buying public. It may be illiterate, tasteless, depraved, but it creates a demand. If it asks for coarse fare and cheap nasty flavouring, it gets abundance for its money and suffers the consequences of ill-feeding, and literature suffers deterioration in proportion to the supply it gives. If criticism had kept up the standard of taste, this deterioration might have been checked. The last thing the general reader does is to form an opinion for himself, but he willingly buys one ready made. Criticism cannot give the buying public a literary palate, but it can guide the public taste.

It would procure recognition of work containing essential literary qualifications as well as the exclusion of rubbish, if criticism applied the first principles of truth and art to all fresh publications. If they stood the test, let them be honestly reviewed. If they failed, they need not encumber the reviewers' tables. It may be objected that to test a book by rules of art and accuracy would be to foster mediocrity; artistic faultlessness is not greatness. On the other hand nobility of aim and subject may be obscured by literary faults.

Moreover, taste is mutable. If literature helps to mould the character of each generation, the minds of each generation shape and develop literature. Yes; but truth remains a test of true things always. Man's nature remains the same from generation to generation. The claim an author possesses to a place in literature is in proportion to his power of going down to the springs of life and passion and thrilling our nature in response to his touch on what we have in common with the race.

An artist is not a realist. Truth is incommunicable. The artist does not copy life. He gives us his conception of the result and effects of life and of the circumstances and incidents affecting individual lives. He is, in this respect, like a portrait painter who gives us not a copy of features but the effect and result of his sitter's character on his outward person, adding to this a revelation of his own personality or genius. It is this that makes an author sensitive to notice of his work. His work is a part of himself. He hails criticism, feeling the educative value of detection of weakness as well as of merit, exposure of faults as well as recognition of virtue. He resents ignorant disparagement, wilful obtuseness, and being made a peg for the reviewer to hang his own cleverness on.

The reviewer of the general practitioner type may be forgiven his oversight of genius. The power to recognise genius is the genius of sympathy, and sympathy requires the gift of imagination.

Genius is the power of creating media for the conveyance of impressions to those capable of taking them; genius is an atmosphere; we do not blame, we pity, those who cannot perceive it. But genius

requires artistic faculty for the transmission of itself, and it is every reviewer's function to deal with that; to discriminate between artistic faults showing feebleness, and crudity of expression suggesting that the writer's thoughts were vigorous enough to escape from him before he knew how to clothe them; to take into consideration the tone and aim of the book and judge it as a whole, instead of picking it to bits and holding them up to ridicule or to adulation. If a reviewer, conscious of something beyond his power to grasp, lets himself be swayed by the author's namelessness or unpopularity, and seizes upon artistic blemishes, ignoring essential value, he bears witness to his own incompetence in addition to wronging author and public.

Yours faithfully,

JEAN ROBERTS.

HOW TO KEEP OUR PICTURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 June, 1909.

SIR,—Now that Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" has been within an ace of being lost to the nation, a lesson should be learnt from this scare, and steps taken to prevent the recurrence of such a state of things. May I be permitted therefore to lay before the public a scheme which I have long cherished but have been unable to develop?

I admit that the times are not propitious for the immediate realisation of this scheme, inasmuch as the financial condition of the country is not satisfactory, thanks to the fatuous legislation of the present Government. But still we may look forward to times of prosperity. I would then suggest that an application should be made to the House of Commons for a grant of half a million of money, or even of a quarter of a million, to be invested in the names of the trustees of the National Gallery, and the interest thereof—of £12,500 or £6250 respectively—should be their yearly grant. The trustees of the National Gallery would then be in a position to treat directly with owners of pictures of note wishing to dispose of them. Any transaction involving the selling-out of capital should be submitted as soon as possible to the House of Commons, and if approved the sum paid should be refunded to the trustees; if not, they would be allowed to go on with a diminished capital at any rate. Under these conditions the saddle would be placed upon the right horse if valuable pictures were allowed to be acquired by foreigners for removal to another country.

I once had the advantage of unfolding my scheme to an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who found no fault with it, but said "You won't get it". Why not? At all events let us try.

Your obedient servant,

J. M. S.

WOLFE MEMORIAL FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue W.C. 17 June.

SIR,—This year will be celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Quebec, which was fought on 13 September 1759. It is a remarkable fact that there is no worthy monument in his native land to General James Wolfe, whose victory gave Canada to Great Britain. Wolfe's great achievement is perhaps better understood to-day than at any time since the memorable year in which he fell, and it is proposed to signalise the anniversary not only by a banquet on 13 September but by raising a substantial fund to put up a memorial to him in his native town of Westerham in Kent. Such a memorial will I am sure be readily supported by all who are interested in our military and Imperial history, and I shall be happy to receive contributions however small.

I am yours faithfully,

FREDERICK YOUNG,

Hon. Treasurer Wolfe Memorial Fund.

REVIEWS.

THE REAL BLAKE.

"William Blake." By Basil de Selincourt. London: Duckworth. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

THREE years ago, about the time of the Carfax Exhibition, many books and papers were written about Blake by his devoted admirers, for the most part too much biassed to be critical. The arguments which they indignantly urged to prove that he was not mad, often served, it is to be feared, only to confirm doubts already cast upon his sanity. Heroic endeavours to elucidate the complicated symbolism of the "Prophetic Books" only made confusion worse confounded in many simple uninitiated minds. For, carried away by the tempestuous force of his egoism, blinded by his glowing self-praise, these enthusiasts either see not or ignore their idol's failings. If Blake said that one of his most unintelligible works was "the grandest poem that this world contains", that is enough, and let no dog bark. This attitude of mind towards him is a very natural and intelligible reaction from the wholly inadequate appreciation and the largely unjustifiable ridicule by which this remarkable man was too long belittled. But the pendulum, as usual, has swung back too far. Blake's great gifts are now much too well recognised to need flattery, and we welcome Mr. de Selincourt's just criticism as a wholesome corrective. He does not hesitate to call nonsense and absurdity by their right names, yet gives praise and admiration generously, where praise and admiration are due.

One chapter is specially given to the question "Was Blake mad?", though really the whole book necessarily bears more or less directly upon it, for never were genius and madness more difficult to distinguish than in his case. We entirely agree that "the work that puts Blake among the immortals is his 'Songs of Innocence'", and with them must be coupled all his drawings and designs conceived in the same spirit. Innocence, spontaneity, and exuberance: in these three ideas lies the key of the real Blake's secret. If only he had not tried to go further! Obscure as some of these songs are, yet, had he done nothing more, there would have been none of this controversy about his sanity. He would simply have taken his place among the greatest of English lyrists, with appropriate comments on the originality of his talents. But the critic, while still bearing them in mind, must pass on and examine the later writings. It can hardly be denied that the greater part of the "Prophetic Books" is utterly unintelligible. Blake himself would not have denied it, indeed he gloried in the fact. In a letter to Butts he wrote, "Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hid from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the sublimest poetry", and we know that he believed his own poetry to be unsurpassed. The Hebrew prophets, whom he used to a great extent as his model, were in his day much less intelligible than they are now. To Blake this was evidence of their divine origin, and he believed himself to be similarly inspired. For "Art is Inspiration", though not quite consistently he says elsewhere that "Practice is Art". In his visions he saw the spiritual nature of the universe. But he could not rest content with that. He must work his visions into a perfect philosophical system. That was fatal. "Blake, looking at the ultimate manifestation of beauty and of life, believed and passionately proclaimed that he saw not life only but system also. In believing that private quarrels could be a proper medium for the conveyance of eternal truth, he committed a parallel mistake. In the first he denied poetry; in the second prophecy. And thus he was guilty of self-deception touching the very things that were dearest to his heart: self-deception so convincing that it still transmits itself to many of his readers. It was a mental obsession by which his whole life—that wonderful intensely glowing life of his—was coloured. It was a kind of madness." That is Mr. de Selincourt's conclusion, but infinitely more valuable than the conclusion itself is the close reasoned analysis by which he arrives at it.

Blake is probably more regarded as a painter than as a poet. He "produced many exquisite and some magnificent designs, and brought to the minds of all artists an aspect of their art to which they had given too little heed before". He was, in particular, the greatest English religious painter. This book contains some forty reproductions in half-tone, very interesting many of them, and on the whole, though some are better than others, very well done; but at the best reproductions of Blake's work give only a poor notion of the originals. However, they are necessary, and serve well to illustrate Mr. de Selincourt's criticisms. The one great fault is that Blake "regarded art and mysticism as much more easily combinable than they are". He vaunted his contempt for outward appearances, though sometimes his artistic nature got the better of him, and he sought to make art "a vehicle for the kind of truth which is not reached by considering appearances at all". So he was apt to pay no attention to details not directly relevant to the presentment of the mystical idea which he intended his picture to convey, and the result was often crude and even grotesque. Fortunately, however, he had received some sound artistic education in his youth, which he sometimes acknowledged, but he more often repudiated the suggestion that it was for his good. "All through Blake's work the unconscious battle between symbolism and expression goes on. In his poetry symbolism easily conquered; in his design the fight was drawn." So Mr. de Selincourt well sums it up. There are some, no doubt, who will say that parts of this book are libels on Blake; but we hold that the author has a good defence. In legal phrase, in so far as his words profess to be statements of fact they are true, and in so far as they are comment they are fair comment published bona fide and without malice.

MR. MASTERMAN'S PESSIMISM.

"The Condition of England." By C. F. G. Masterman. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

WITH certain reservations Mr. Masterman's claim to have written a book of observation and not a polemic may be admitted. Without knowledge of Mr. Masterman's career the reader might not be able to say whether he was a Socialist or Individualist, Pagan or Christian, though we think he would be rather dense if he could not. As to concealment of his preference for Free Trade or Protection, Mr. Masterman may be assured that he has quite failed. The "pig peard under the muffler" can easily be detected, and no one would believe that he was a Protectionist. His asides are sufficient to convict him. We easily infer, when a man sneers at the rich for wishing to escape taxation by putting it on the shoulders of the poor, that he has strong views against Tariff Reform. And they are the more irritating for being introduced in a milieu of neutral observation. Moreover, his very amusing account of the Peckham election could not have been written just as it is by anyone but a Liberal politician. Besides, looking at the matter more broadly, no one could write a book on the condition of England that was not a polemic either on one side or the other. It is bound to be either an attempt to show that it is bad and needs very much reformation, or to show that there is a great deal of exaggeration by those who are agitating for unnecessary change. Mr. Masterman's book is one of the former kind; and so it is a polemic against those who would write books of the second kind. If Mr. Masterman means, as he probably does, that he is not advocating any specific programme of political or economic change, we can agree with him that he has not written a polemic. His book rather strikes us as one that may have begun as an argument in favour of socialism, but before it had got very far the author had suffered disillusion and had become despondent when he reflected on the obstacles to changes of the sort he desired. We wish he had retained enough spirit for polemic; some strong belief which served him as a clue through the bewildering maze of the English

life he describes. As it is, the book is depressing, saddening, and we are perplexed by an accumulation of disheartening facts and opinions which lead us to nothing but sheer pessimism. If this is not Mr. Masterman's mental condition after his review, if he does not want to lead his readers to the brink of the same abyss, what does the book mean? It is a small consolation, amidst such a welter of classes as that he describes, the low materialistic ideas of all classes from the highest to the lowest, to be told that there is plenty of good human nature in the individual. This we suppose might be said of every society which has gone to political destruction and perished for want of national vitality. When national ideals of religion and morals go and every stratum of society is deadened by materialism, the love of money and of pleasure, what is the hope for it?

Mr. Masterman believes this is so with religion in England. "I think", he says, "there can be no doubt that, apart from any questions of future revival, present belief in religion, as a conception of life dependent upon supernatural sanctions, or as a revelation of a purpose and meaning beyond the actual business of the day, is slowly but steadily fading from the modern city race." Mr. Masterman adopts the diatribes of Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, and brings them down to date with Mr. Wells and M. Anatole France. The upper classes still hold the rather contemptuous attitude to religion they have always held; the lower classes have never had religion; the middle grades, who once embodied the real religious belief and sentiment, are fast losing them, and their latent opinions would make the curates of S. Aloysius or S. Clothilde stare. A vague general improvement in humanitarian feeling is all that is now discernible, and religion is relegated to the future as a thing which does not greatly matter and is too uncertain to be worth taking trouble about. Rapid changes in the outward circumstances of society through science and invention have left all classes bewildered; there is none to assume a natural leadership, because not one has a religious and moral standard of life. In a chapter on "Science and Progress" Mr. Masterman strikes the deepest note of pessimism. "As soon as one disease is eliminated another steps into its place to continue the old tragic function of scourging mankind with pity and terror. Science is always discovering new maladies which baffle its exultant energies." May we say that fortunately Mr. Masterman's terribly wet blanket of a book may be thrown over other nations as well as our own? His description fits not only the condition of England but of all modern nations. Mr. Masterman takes many of his illustrations from America, M. Anatole France has written "L'Isle des Pingouins", and we may be sure his is as much a Continental as Mr. Masterman's is an insular study and criticism of modern life.

And what is to happen? We may take it for granted that Mr. Masterman believes something unpleasant will happen. He cannot believe, as he says in the chapter on the "Illusion of Security", that everything will go on as at present, changing only in degree and not in quality. There will be a catastrophe. A considerable part of his book consists in a repetition of the views to be found in Mr. Wells' and M. Anatole France's fiction of the possible nature of this catastrophe. Mankind may have to start again on one of its never-ending cycles of change, either in Mr. Wells' or M. France's way. The nations may destroy each other in aerial warfare, according to Mr. Wells, or the slaves of the limited class who have accumulated all the resources of society in their own hands may rise and destroy their masters with the scientific weapons their masters have placed in their hands. This is the fancy of M. France. Mr. Masterman does not decide between the two. He is as tentative on what we may call the eschatology of his subject as he is in his assertions and deductions as to the actual meaning and tendencies of the phenomena he describes. As to both, this is the attitude which a man of cultured intellect like Mr. Masterman would naturally take. But then one asks, since no other treatment of such a subject is rational, why has Mr. Masterman troubled us with so much uncertainty?

Nothing is more painful than an insistent account of evils when the narrator gives us the impression there is no remedy. It must be admitted that Mr. Masterman's book strikes the reader as very familiar. The sad blue-books and the literature of poverty have been laid freely under contribution; but their story is an ancient tale of poverty and suffering and wrong to which Mr. Masterman's book is neither a new nor an additional chapter. We must commend it chiefly for its personal descriptions and observations. Such for instance as that of the English working man being so unlike the Labour leaders such as Mr. Snowden or Mr. Henderson, and as "much more allied in temperament and disposition to some of the occupants of the Conservative back benches, whose life in its bodily exercises, enjoyment of eating and drinking and excitement of 'sport' he would himself undoubtedly pursue with extreme relish if similar opportunities were offered him". Mr. Masterman understands the masses of the towns better than he understands the countryman or the "suburban". The "countryside" and the "suburbans" hardly strike us as personally observed—they are conventional descriptions: true perhaps, but as to the "suburbans" taken from novels and the "Englishman's Home" literature. The satire on "The Conquerors" is the sort of thing that ought to be put into verse. The ostentation, vices and trivialities of the rich are for the *saeva indignatio* of the satiric poet, the Juvenal or the Johnson. But Mr. Masterman's *saeva indignatio* seems to exhaust itself against the insolent motorist, and he even goes so far as to admit that the rich in England are not more conspicuously vicious than the rest of us.

THE AMERICAN FEMINIST.

"Daphne; or, 'Marriage à la Mode'." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Cassell. 1909. 6s.

THIS is by far the best-written novel which Mrs. Humphry Ward has given us, though there is no plot and the characterisation of everybody but Daphne is rather sketchy. But Mrs. Ward's style is vastly improved: it is free from the affectation, the over-elaboration, and the straining after cleverness which spoils so many of her books. Her outlook on life is also shrewder, more closely observant, and more tolerant of "l'homme moyen sensuel" than it was. The novel is written with a purpose, as some of the best as well as some of the worst novels have been. It is indeed a powerful, bitter and pathetic indictment of the law of divorce as it obtains in most of the Western States of America, involving naturally a very pungent satire on the American Feminist.

The book opens on a sombre note. Mrs. Verrier, the daughter of one of the "great ladies" of New York society, married a Wall Street Jew (to pay for her frocks and hats), who happened to be clever, artistic, sensitive. The ladies of the smart set opposed the match, and the mother never rested until she induced her daughter to divorce her husband (for "indignities and cruelties"), who straightway went and threw himself into Niagara. Roger Barnes is a very good-looking young Englishman, of the conventional type, who has come to America to marry an heiress. He captures Daphne Floyd by a mixture of shrewdness and audacity, which are well described. The newly married couple come to live in the country place which belonged to Lady Barnes, Roger's mother. Here they find as neighbours a widowed old duchess with a taste for art (admirably sketched) and Mrs. Chloë Fairmile, a clever, beautiful and unscrupulous woman, who had accepted and then thrown Roger over a year or two before, when his father lost his money. Daphne, whose father was an Irish-American "boss" and whose mother was an Argentine, quarrels with and insults everybody, and becomes madly jealous of Mrs. Fairmile. She finds Roger dull and uneducated; her physical passion has evaporated; and she suspects him of infidelity. After engineering a "scene", in which she manages to fall and cut her forehead, she returns to the United States, recovers her citizenship by living

a few months in Nebraska, and by bribing witnesses and lawyers procures her divorce from Roger for indignities and cruelty, and obtains the custody of the child, who dies. Roger takes to drink and a shop-girl, and finally becomes hopelessly phthisical. Daphne is arraigned by a common friend, an American Major Boyson, who meets her at the hotel at Niagara, and rushes back to England to offer money. Roger treats her with proper contempt and bids her farewell.

It is a pity that Mrs. Ward has not made her characters a little more agreeable. Roger might have been a little less boring, and we might have been spared his lapse into whisky and shop-girls. Daphne is simply insufferable, conceited, pedantic, insolent, lecturing everybody. The book may shock those who make the mistake of regarding the Americans as a civilised people. Despite their furious energy and their genius for mechanical invention, the Americans are no more civilised than the Japanese. The men are cruel and dishonest in business, and the women are hard, immeasurably conceited, and impatient of the duties of domesticity—we write of types, of course. The men are much to blame for their Feminists, for they have spoiled their women by indulgence. Daphne is a splendidly drawn type, the woman who is swept into marriage by "a sudden gust of physical inclination"; is disappointed and disgusted by the first experience of marriage; and then impatiently cancels the contract, talking about *her* career, *her* individuality, *her* chances! Of course a great deal of the trouble is caused by so many American girls being left in uncontrolled possession of so much money. Until the United States adopt a decent and uniform law of divorce we shall persist in regarding the Americans as semi-civilised and as setting a very bad example to the rest of the world.

ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

"The Foundations of the English Church." By J. H. Maude. London: Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Saxon Church and the Norman Conquest." By C. T. Cruttwell. Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

"A History of the Church of England." By M. W. Patterson. London: Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d.

IT is very doubtful whether a new series of text-books of English Church history can serve any useful purpose. The familiar story from Bede has been told so often that even when it is narrated gracefully and sympathetically by Mr. Maude we feel that he is wasting his gifts. The one valid excuse for venturing upon the subject would be that the author brings some new light. But Mr. Maude is obviously a compiler. There is no evidence in his pages that he has first-hand knowledge of any department of British or English antiquity; they might, to all appearance, have been written by one ignorant of the Anglo-Saxon language. And yet there are sources of knowledge, easily accessible and by no means exhausted, from which he could have drawn interesting information and valuable inferences. The laws of King Ethelbert are not even mentioned, yet they give a picture of English society when it first came under Christian influences, and the picture might profitably be compared with that of other nations in the same primitive stage. We find wives bought with cattle, as among Kaffirs to-day; and we find Christian teachers compelled to compromise between their own moral law and that of their pupils, as when the seducer of a married woman is compelled not only to pay a fine but to provide at his own expense a new bride for the injured husband. We find also that S. Augustine and his school did not rise superior to a temptation to which some missionaries have succumbed in the Pacific in recent days. They knew that if they had a high position and corresponding wealth they would be a power for good. They were revered not only as teachers of a new faith but as representatives of civilisation, and all that they could wish in land or dignity was offered them. Their status was almost kingly, and their revenue corresponded to it. The Bishops of Winchester, for instance, not only had great estates in

Hampshire, but also round Downton in Wiltshire and especially round Taunton. Such was the endowment which the Bishop of Wessex, for such the Bishop of Winchester originally was, thought well to accept. With it there came a high place at Court, with mixed results of benefit in wisdom and humanity to the State, of injury and secularisation to the Church. From land charters and kindred documents there is far more to be learnt than has yet found its way into the popular handbooks of Church history, and the strange series of penitential books is an almost unworked quarry. But any department of antiquarian or historical research will prove fertile. Bishop Browne has shown how the sculptures on weathered and battered stones may be interpreted; a student who will approach our local names with discretion may find an equal reward. The name "Eccles", for instance, must have its history of Welsh population or Welsh missionaries, and it ought not to be impossible to frame a reasonable theory to explain its curious distribution over England. These are but examples of work that awaits a competent hand, and a diligent and able student such as Mr. Maude would find such inquiries a far more satisfactory task than the restatement, for the twentieth time, of familiar facts.

Canon Cruttwell's volume, though he is not fully acquainted with the relevant literature, is of a higher order. The plan of carrying the story of the Anglo-Saxon Church beyond the Conquest is a sound one, and the writer has stopped at the right point, which Freeman also ought to have reached, the death of Henry I. The pioneer work of Dr. William Hunt has made the task of his successor comparatively easy, but Canon Cruttwell has taken advantage of his narrower limits to omit many obscure facts and names and so has given lightness and breadth to his narrative. For the period which follows the Conquest the historian has guides not only fuller but more human and even modern in spirit than their predecessors. Canon Cruttwell's last archbishop is William of Corbeil, and he should have told us how William of Malmesbury describes him as "a man of much piety and some courtesy". With such materials our author ought to be, and is, interesting, and he is interested in the right things. But he should have made more of Lanfranc's practical reforms, as when he instituted rural deans and made them a real power in the Church; and the truth about the forged documents which established the superiority of Canterbury over York should have been told. Canon Cruttwell, however, does not seem to know the profound researches of Boehmer into the history of Lanfranc and of Norman Church organisation. Yet both books will serve excellently as introductions to their subject, and doubtless their contents will be novel to many of their readers. The spirit in which they are written is that of the best English Churchmanship, and they must be an influence for good as widely as they are circulated. But we cannot refrain from envying the countrymen of Hauck, an author whom neither Canon Cruttwell nor Mr. Maude seems to have consulted. He has now carried down the history of the German Church on the amplest lines to 1250, and we have not, nor is there any sign that we soon shall have, an English counterpart of his work.

For the last thirteen years one text-book of English Church history has had a vogue comparable to that of J. R. Green's "Short History of England". Its author, Mr. Wakeman, of All Souls, was one of the most attractive personalities in Oxford, and the book has an unusual charm and even distinction. He wrote avowedly as a strong High Churchman, and we must admit that there is another side to the story. But his work is so persuasively written, so well arranged, and so comprehensive, that it has held the field, and has been a powerful influence in recommending his school of thought to the general public. It is commonly found that candidates for Holy Orders have read it before they begin their studies, and it often happens that they are so possessed by Mr. Wakeman's doctrine that the lectures they hear are powerless to modify their historical views. Desirable as it was that the other side of the

case should be stated, courage was needed by the would-be rival of Wakeman. In this Mr. Patterson has not failed. Though he is not led by Protestant partisanship to misinterpret history, he frankly states his conviction that the Reformation, "so far from being a thing which requires apology, has been in every sphere of life, both in thought and action, the source of incalculable blessings to the English people", and he is consistent with this sentiment of his preface. In regard to the later Middle Ages, it has been the fashion to minimise notorious evils, and it is well that the abuses which led up to the Reformation should be roundly stated; but Mr. Patterson has trusted a little too much to satirical literature, and is guilty of some injustice. The best part of his work is the constitutional, in which as a trained teacher of modern history, writing with the advantage of Maitland's researches to supplement earlier sources, he greatly excels Wakeman. But he has evidently a judgment too well balanced to allow him to join in the fashionable exaltation of Maitland at the expense of Stubbs; an extravagance which Maitland would have been the first to resent. The work is well thought out and proportioned, as far as it goes. We could wish that the manner were always worthy of the matter. A reader familiar with Mr. Wakeman's polished style will be shocked to read of "faked evidence", "Anne Boleyn's interesting condition", "the proverbial cat". Though such sallies are exceptional, the general execution is rather dull and undistinguished, and is not quite worthy of Oxford or of the subject. It is a more serious matter that the author has almost omitted the history of the eighteenth century. He thinks it uninteresting and discreditable, but this does not release him from his duty. An apologist or a romancer may pick and choose, but an historian must plod through his period, and we are convinced that if Mr. Patterson had cared to learn more he would have come to appreciate that homely period better. As it is, his judgments concerning the state of learning, the Wesleyan movement, and many other topics are merely conventional and sometimes behind the present state of knowledge. The twenty pages he devotes to the century are a serious blot upon his work. If he would treat it adequately, perhaps at the sacrifice of some liturgical erudition which is not quite in place, he would be the author of a really workmanlike text-book, on which a few more literary graces might worthily be bestowed.

QUEENS' TRAGEDIES.

"The Trials of Five Queens." By R. Storry Deane. London: Methuen. 1909. 10s. 6d.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON, Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and Caroline of Brunswick are the protagonists in five of the tragedies of history. All these dramas have one thing in common, an absorbing human interest, but otherwise their importance varies. If we regard the tragic scenes presented in this volume in the light of their after effects, the greatest is the one that shows the Primate of all England and the doctors and proctors assembled in the old Augustinian Priory of Dunstable beneath the Chiltern Hills to declare null and void by the "law of God" the union of bluff Hal and his ill-used "Kate". "All Europe", as our author says, "is still feeling the effects of the upheaval caused by the repudiation of this faithful woman and loving wife." Of the other four trials which the book narrates those of Anne Boleyn and Caroline of Brunswick have, at least in their results, only a small political importance. Anne Boleyn's death had no effect on the progress of the Reformation. The tragedy which closed the life of that "gipsy-faced, high-spirited coquette" has only a human and poetic note. When Sir Thomas More was in the Tower and the news came to him of the pageants and balls by which she was keeping Henry amused he summed up her history when he exclaimed in prophetic vein: "Aye, she will dance headless some day, I doubt it not". The trial of Queen Caroline again (if we forget

the rank of the persons concerned and the oratory of the pleaders) was without doubt as squalid and commonplace a disclosure of the worst sides of ordinary human nature as ever disgraced a divorce court, but nothing more. One may wonder indeed how in the highly respectable, eminently Protestant England of the day it was possible for the throne of George IV. to survive the scandal. The fact remains that, though the Whigs made some party capital out of the trial, it did not permanently affect the course of politics. The judicial murders of Mary of Scotland and Marie Antoinette stand on a different footing, but their political importance must not be overestimated. It was the policy of Elizabeth's family to make short work of all pretenders when they proved troublesome, and the Queen of Scots suffered for precisely the same reason that brought to the block the Earl of Warwick under Henry VII., the Countess of Salisbury under Henry VIII., and Lady Jane Grey under Mary Tudor. Lady Jane Grey's sisters, we should remember, were kept for years by Elizabeth in as close a captivity as was Queen Mary, and if they had been, like her, the centres of organised disaffection, they would certainly have suffered her fate. Mary's life was probably preserved longer than it would otherwise have been owing to the semi "divinity" that even in that Machiavellian age still hedged an anointed queen. Marie Antoinette's death was a dramatic episode but not a turning-point in the bloodstained annals of the Jacobin tyranny. The murder of Louis XVI. had already identified the Revolution with regicide. The murder of Marie Antoinette was only an exhibition of petty spite against royalty and Austria.

The day, however, is probably far distant when any one of these five royal victims will fail to excite interest, and Mr. Storry Deans has rendered a real service to history in relating and discussing their fates from the standpoint of the modern lawyer. He shows with great clearness what gross travesties of justice were all these trials, except that of Caroline of Brunswick, and he brings the point home to his duller reader in his graphic presentation of an imaginary trial of Queen Mary under the present rules of evidence. The conclusion of such a trial must have been in his opinion a verdict of "Not proven" in Scotland and "Not guilty" in England, since as the only evidence would have been that of informers a jury would have hardly felt justified in convicting, especially on a capital charge. Mary, as Mr. Andrew Lang has said, was condemned, like Joan of Arc, on the evidence of people with whom she was not confronted, whose very names were unknown to her. In other words, the tribunal that sat at Fotheringhay was rather an inquisition than a court of justice. Mr. Deans truly says that our criminal procedure hesitated for a long time between the litigious and the inquisitorial method, and that in State trials in Elizabethan days there was more of the inquisitorial system than in ordinary cases. One fact, however, which in some degree explains what seems to us the injustice of the inquisition procedure, he does not mention. The basis of the inquisition trial was the existence of a fama or public report against the accused. At one time it seems to have been a doubtful matter how far it was absolutely necessary to prove the existence of this fama. In any case, the mediaeval Inquisition seems to have proceeded on the supposition that a man was presumably a heretic if public fame branded him as one. As the supposed object of the Inquisition was the conversion of the sinner and the removal of scandal rather than the impartial administration of justice, its procedure is explicable. Apart, however, from its other evils the sanction of such a system by the Canon Law did much to shatter all conception of natural justice where State necessities were concerned. It is a fact of terrible significance that no one troubled to object to so hopelessly a biased judge as Cranmer adjudicating in the trial of Katherine of Aragon.

We have nothing but praise for the main conception and general execution of Mr. Storry Deans' work. On some subjects which he incidentally treats, such

as the French life of Mary Stuart, he is unsatisfactory, and in matters of detail he is from time to time inaccurate. For instance, he states that about 1526, at the time of Mary Tudor's proposed marriage with Francis of France, the Bishop of Tarbes, one of the French King's commissioners, expressed some doubt of the princess' legitimacy. We now know what the bishop said, and that in fact he never raised the point. There had in truth been rumours of the possibility of a divorce between Henry and Katherine at an earlier date. Again, he repeats the old tale of the brutal treatment of the little Dauphin in the Temple by the shoemaker Simon. There are, he should have known, strong reasons for disbelieving the truth of these shocking stories, which seem to have originated in the brain of an evil woman who falsely represented herself to have been Simon's wife. The true Madame Simon, who was alive in a Paris hospital in the days of the Restoration, always spoke of the child in terms of affection. To say more on the Simons, however, would lead us into a discussion of the most puzzling historical enigma of modern times, the fate of Louis XVII. One of the worst slips in the book occurs in the brilliant account of Queen Caroline's trial. We are told that Wilde became "Chief Baron of the Exchequer", which he never did. He was for a time Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and subsequently Lord Chancellor. Has our author never heard of Lord Truro?

NOVELS.

"Gervase." By Mabel Dearmer. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

Solitary as a child, aloof as a schoolboy, a fastidious youth, Gervase always struck his acquaintance as "queer"—"a rum chap", as that thorough-going young worldling Jack Denham phrased it. The hankering after a consecrated life which he had inherited from his mother was moulded during his most plastic years into an ineradicable part of his being by his tutor—a man almost fiercely religious and a monk by nature. In due course Gervase went up to Oxford, and thence was launched upon life. He aspired to reform the world, and already from his home at King's Stratton his face was turned towards Westminster. The Souls family lived at King's Stratton, and the girls and he had been playfellows as children. Kate was his favourite; and she had continued to attract him in spite of her thoughtless admission the day she saw him off to Oxford that religion—as he understood it—was nothing to her. "I think it is just as silly to be a Protestant as a Catholic", she had said; "I am not anything". But the moment she saw his look of pain she had laid her hand on his with a quick "Forgive me". It was a typical, as things turned out, a prophetic gesture: it is fitted into its place in the dialogue so naturally that it might well escape the notice it deserves. Neither then nor afterwards had Kate any creed but lovingkindness. When Gervase came down from Oxford she was away in Paris already making headway as a painter. Miriam was a commonplace little hedonist whose only aspiration was to have a good time. Jack Denham had been staying at King's Stratton, reading for the Bar, and when he disappeared and did not return Miriam fell into a curious depression of spirits. To Gervase blue devils were a kind of sin, and the missionary in him was aroused. He took Miriam into the woods and read George Herbert to her. Local gossip, ignoring a young man's concern for the spiritual state of a pretty girl, precipitated matters. In vain did that flippant Mr. Worldly-Wiseman the Rector—an admirable sketch—call Miriam a slyboots and urge Gervase to fly. Mr. Worldly-Wiseman could not be other than antipathetic to Gervase. The talk increased; poor ineffectual Mrs. Souls assured him that Miriam loved him. If he had unwittingly compromised her he must go through with it. In vain on the eve of the marriage did Kate gently question his chance of happiness. But her doubts, like those of his other friends, were only founded on the patent absurdity of the match. Nobody knew that Miriam had snatched wildly at a chance of marriage in order to cover her shame. The pitiful scene in which this second-rate little soul sobs out

the truth to her husband on their wedding night shows Gervase at his best—tricked yet dignified, the victim of his own unworldliness. Afterwards he appears to less advantage. When six months later Miriam and her baby died there was nothing between him and Kate but the law of the Anglican Church. He believed it to be the law of God, and he was not obliged to break it. We do not forget that Mrs. Dearmer tells us that his father had not been a saint like his mother: but his whole training had been ascetic, and his attitude was really that of the old monk she mentions who thought marriage "rather a wicked sacrament". To this as much as to fear of a particular prohibition was due his misery when he did break it. Kate bore the indignity of his sorrow for a time; ultimately out of love and sheer pity for him she went back to Paris and her art. If women like Kate may be pardoned quia multum amaverunt, what shall be said of the Gervases who sacrifice them in making experiments in living? This is only one of the questions raised by a very interesting book.

"The Flying Months." By Frances M. Peard. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

For a woman to refuse the man she loved because she had found out that her uncle had been urging him to propose to her strikes us as perverse; that a man not in need of money would imagine that a doubt whether his father and mother—both dead these thirty years—had been legally married would interfere with his own matrimonial prospects and would spend a long time in India clearing it up is, like the heroine's conduct, possible but unlikely. Upon such slender motives is this story built up—a pleasant story enough, if a trifle colourless.

"The Love Tale of a Misanthrope." By Ethel M. Forbes. London: Stock. 1909. 6s.

We have met Daisy—in nice books like this—before. She is sweet and twenty, half tomboy and half angel, and divides her time between climbing trees and ladders, performing good works in the village, and giving utterance to the unimpeachable sentiments of her author. We were afraid she would die young; but this time she contents herself with a serious illness, from which she happily recovers to complete the reformation of the Misanthrope who was in grave danger of becoming an old bachelor.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Fourth Olympiad." The Official Report of the Olympic Games of 1908. Compiled by T. A. Cook. London: British Olympic Association. 6s. net.

It is only natural that the greatest athletic meeting ever held should be recorded in the most comprehensive athletic report ever compiled. Mr. Theodore A. Cook's massive volume contains everything which anyone is likely to wish to know about the London Olympic Games, and it is illustrated with over 100 capital pictures taken by Messrs. Bowden Bros. and others. In his comments on certain notorious events Mr. Cook has shown commendable restraint. We naturally turn first to the 400 metres race, and we find that the author contents himself with a bare statement of the rules under which the race was run and of the evidence which was taken at the inquiry immediately after the fiasco. The rules and the evidence speak for themselves, and the absence of comment is

(Continued on page 792.)

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Payments under Endowment Policies	£1,050,576	£917,563
Annuities, Surrender Values and other benefits	£3,017,454	£2,900,721
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far more impressive than any amount of criticism. Besides a detailed account and programme of the games, the book contains complete lists of events, competitors and officials, a reprint of the rules under which each competition was held and a collection of the various definitions of an amateur. We could wish that less had been said about Baron Pierre de Coubertin and the International Olympic Committee in the forefront of the work. The introductory chapter is apt to give the impression that that body, which, by a pious fiction, represents international athletics, but which is in fact composed of members many of whom know little more of practical athletics than of Hebrew roots, really had something to do with the success of the London Games. Their modest services on the present occasion might have been justly relegated to an appendix. The book, as a whole, revised, as it has been, by the members of the British Olympic Council who were responsible for each form of sport, is quite invaluable as a record of the past and a guide for the future.

"The Heart of Scotland." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by A. E. Hope Moncrieff. London: Black. 1909. 7s. 6d.

"Inns of Court." Painted by Gordon Home. Described by Cecil Headlam. London: Black. 1909. 7s. 6d.

Messrs. Black's "describers" and "painters" have thrown their net of colour and description over the whole land so that there can now be few places they have not turned into books. They turn out the County of Perth or the Inns of Court with apparent confidence that they will find always a public who have some interest or other in the places described and painted. The public is probably that which lives in the locality, or visits it as tourists. Even if it is only a picture postcard people like a picture of what they have seen, and Messrs. Black's writers tell them its history; and so the books serve their purpose. There are many books on the Inns of Court, and it is easy to compile one; the pictures are more difficult, and, in fact, the colours are cruder than anything to be found in the Temple, or perhaps elsewhere; but the buildings are such as one will recognise going through the Temple. "The Heart of Scotland" is a good book. Mr. Hope Moncrieff writes of Perthshire with the zeal and energy of one who thoroughly knows his subject, and is enthusiastic about it. The pictures are amongst the best that Messrs. Black have produced.

"Memoir of Robert Herbert Story." By his Daughters. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Story was Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and one of those ministers who without official ecclesiastical rank are by title of ability and character acknowledged leaders of the Church. He was Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and in 1894 was Moderator of the General Assembly. Moreover, he was of that more modern type of Presbyterian who turned with aversion from Calvinistic theology and strove to introduce a more humane spirit and a more cultivated ritual into the Church. His ministry extended over nearly fifty years, and he was a figure in all the ecclesiastical conflicts of his period, especially during the time when the disestablishment movement was most furious. Against that movement he was the impassioned and eloquent leader, and largely through his power and energy it died down. Dr. Story's Life is therefore an interesting record for all who follow the course of religious thought in Scotland. In its personal aspects Dr. Story's daughters have written a biography which will be welcomed by all Scotsmen who knew Dr. Story as Englishmen could not. They will also read appreciatively the account by Lady Frances Balfour, the memorial of her long friendship with Dr. Story, and her profound admiration for his life and character.

"Recollections of Baron de Frenilly, 1768-1828." Edited by Arthur Chuquet. Translated by F. Lees. London: Heinemann. 1909.

One is tempted at first to resent the publication of the memoirs of an aristocrat of no great distinction, for the period with which they deal is already more than amply illustrated; but the value of Baron de Frenilly's recollections lies in the fact that he played no rôle at all. He never attempted to serve Napoleon, indeed he loathed and despised everything and everybody connected with the Revolution. At the Restoration he proved more royalist than the king, and conceived the greatest contempt for Louis XVIII., especially because that monarch declined to restore the privileges of the Receivers-General and the class of great public administrators to which de Frenilly belonged. The book is a chronicle of aristocratic society during the period, and is of extreme interest in its delineation of the life of a class who resented but ignored the world-shaking events amid which they were compelled to live.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XVI. Pocock—Robins. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

The reissue of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is now more than three quarters of the way towards completion, and the value of the work in this cheaper and more compact form has we hope been duly appreciated in those libraries where the original had not found a place. In the present volume the names which specially strike one in glancing through the pages are Pusey, Priestley and Pym, Raeburn and Reynolds, Samuel Richardson and Charles Reade, Dalhousie (Ramsay), Sir Stamford Raffles, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir John Laughton and Mr. Sidney Lee collaborate in an excellent account of Raleigh; authorities are so generally brought up to date that we wonder the Life of Raleigh, published in 1897 by Major Martin Hume, who has ransacked the Spanish archives, is not included, particularly as a 1908 reissue of Brushfield's Bibliography is mentioned.

Messrs. Methuen publish "The Blue Bird" (3s. 6d. net) of Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. It would be absurd to explain prosaically this fairy play in five acts, and quite impossible to attempt to unravel the tissue of poetry and allegory which makes the play charming reading. We believe the "Blue Bird" has been on the stage in London, and one cannot but think that such a phantasy of elemental creatures would make an extravaganza on the stage as popular with children and their parents as "Peter Pan" himself. However this may be, we are sure that children would delight to have it read to them, just as a fairy story of strange creatures that appear natural in the fresh imaginations of children. The reader would have a still more subtle pleasure in feeling below the surface mechanism what a poet sees in the child nature and the child life.

"The Changing Values of English Speech", by Raley Husted Bell (New York), is a book we notice simply for the purpose of advising against its purchase unless it be as a specimen of American literary shoddy and vulgarity. Two sentences from "Early English" will be sufficient as specimens: "When Julius Caesar made his first diplomatic call at the Court of the British people, he found the inhabitants speaking a Celtic dialect. After the withdrawal of the Romans a notorious Mr. Hengest invaded Britain with his ruthless hordes of low Germans", etc. And the author is so obtuse and ignorant as to be unconscious of his vile taste, and to mouth about debasing the purity of the English language!

Mr. Baring Gould's own description of his book "Cornish Characters and Strange Events" (Lane. 21s. net) is sufficient to show what the reader may expect to find in it. His object, he says, is "not to retell the lives of the greatest of the sons of Cornwall, for these lives may be read in the 'Dictionary of National Biography', but to chronicle the stories of lesser luminaries, concerning whom less is known and little is easily accessible. In this way it serves as a companion volume to 'Devonshire Characters', and Cornwall in no particular falls short of Devonshire in the variety of characters it has sent forth, nor are their stories of less interest". It is a large book of 700 pages, full of old prints and portraits.

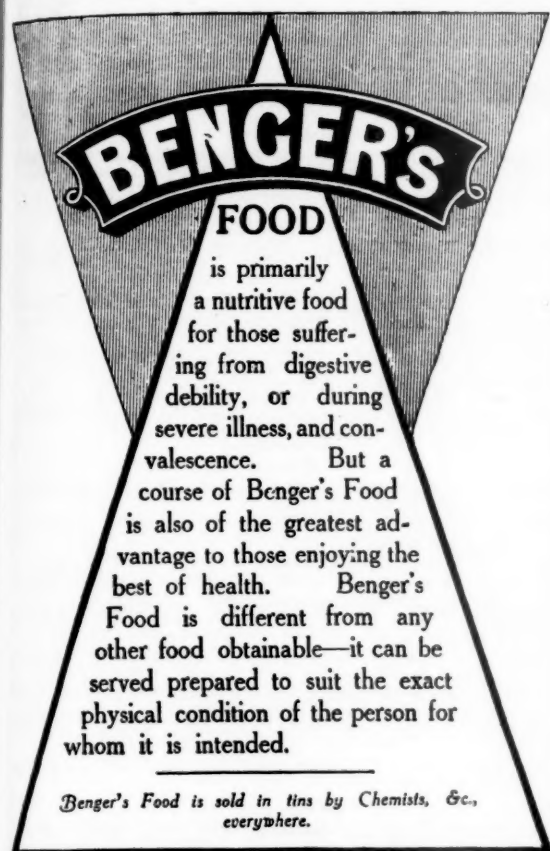
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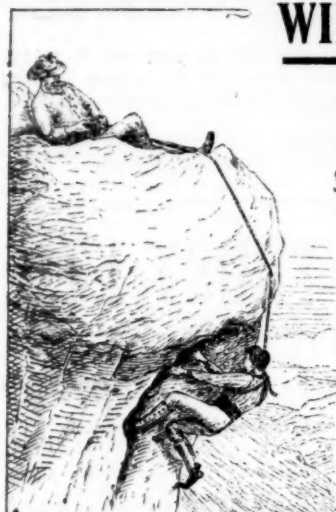
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